

¶ The vvorkes of a  
young wyt, trust vp with a Far-  
dell of pretie fancies, profitable  
to young Poetes, preiudicial to no man,  
and pleasant to euery man, to passe  
away idle tyme withall.

whercunto is ioyned an odde kynde  
of wooing, with a Banquet of Com-  
settes, to make an ende withall.  
Done by N. B. Gentleman.







# **I be Letter Deuotione,**

to the Reader.



Haue both heard & read oft tymes, that Bookes and Cheeses may very well be likened one to the other, in this poynt: for the diuersitie of mens iudgements giuen of them. For they are wares both, to be looked on for loue, and bought for money. The Cheese once out of the Presse, shortly after comes to market to be solde: where(perhaps) it is tasted of many, before it be bought. And bookes once imprinted, are presently in shoppes, where many peruse them, ere they be solde. Nowe. some that haue tasted the Cheese, wil say(perchance) tis too drye: an other wyl say, tis too ful of whaye. the third wyl say, the meate is good, but it is yll handled: the fourth wil (contrary) say, it lookes better then it is. Come another, he wyl say, Berlady tis pretty good meate. Some wyl say, It is lide worth: and some wyl say, It is starke naught, but that is an euyl tounge felow. Some wyl say, Tis Cheese: thats a blunt whorson. Some wyl say, Twil serue: he is to be borne withal. Some wyl say, Tis good meate when one is hungry: he is woorthy to haue a peece of it (if he can get it) when he hath nothing els to dyntier. Some wyl like it very well, and giue money for it: he is most worthy to haue it, & much good may it doo hym. And thus of Bookes, and so of this my booke among others. Some wyl say, It is too dry, it wants the sap of Sapience, neither hath it yenough of the Runnet of Reason. Some other wyl say, It is too ful of the whay of wantonnesse, which in wise mens taste, seemes very sowre. Some wyl say, The inuention is pretty, but it is yll pend. Some other wyl more commend the penning, then the matter. Some wyl say, It is pretty Poetrie. Some wyl say, It is meane stuffe. And some(perhaps) wyl say, It is bald ryme, not worth the reading: but that is a malicious Lob, for my lyfe. Some wyl say, Tis verse: he speakes his mynd plainly. Some wyl say, Twil passe for Poetrie:

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etric: let hym passe for & cetera. Some wyl say, It is good e-  
nough to reade, when a man hath nothing els to doo: he may  
reade it (if he can come by it) in such idle tyme. Some (per-  
haps) wyl prayse it more then it deserues, and geue coyne for  
it, rather then goe without it. Such are best woorthy to haue  
it: and wel may it like them when they haue bought it. Well,  
such as like it not, I pray you beare a good tongue, and let it  
alone, and God be with you. I wish you well, and perhaps  
I wyl agaynst the next Terme, prouide you some other  
newe ware for your olde golde. Tyll when, and  
euer, I wish you all, with my selfe, the grace  
of God, and well to fare. From my  
lodgyng this, xiiii. of May.

Anno Domini. 1577.

Your poore Countreyman,  
N. B. +

G. SIEBENS



Primordium.

**T**he Farmer, he, that newe breakes vp a ground:  
and dooth not know, what fruit, the soyle will yelde.  
The cheapest seede, that (lyghly) may be found,  
he (commonly) bestowes vpon that feld.

For tryall, first, as best for his behaue,  
by prooue of that, how better graine will prooue.

And as I thinke the cheapest kynde of grayne,  
on newe digd grounde the Farmer can bestowe,  
Whereof to reape some profit for his payne,  
are Otes, a grayne which every man dooth knowe:  
Which proving yll, his losse can be but small,  
if well, such gaynes, as he may lyue withall.

What sayd I: Otes: Why, Otes there are I see,  
of diuers kyndes, as some are counter wyde:  
And they are light: and yet with them some be,  
in steed of better many tymes beguylde.  
And sure I thinke that wyde lyght kynde of grayne,  
my selfe haue sowne, within my barren hayne.

But tis no matter, final hath been my cost:  
and this is first tyme that I sturd my hayne,  
Besydes, I haue, but little labour lost,  
in idle tyme to take a little payne.  
And though, I loose, both payne, and grayne in deede:  
my ground, I trowe, will serue for better seede.

For as the Farmer, though his croppe be yll,  
the seede yet lost will fatten well the ground.  
And when he seekes for better grayne to till,  
and sowes good grayne, then is the profit found.  
For, all the first, that good was, for no grayne,  
will beare good fruite, but with a little payne.



## *I Be Doorkes of a young wit.*

So my rude brayne, that at the first (God wote)  
was good for naught, no kynd of fruite would peeke  
New broken vp, will now yet beare an Oe,  
and as I hope, will proue a pretie field:  
I lyke it to the better, that I fynd,  
the Oes so sowe, do not come vp in kynd.

For surely, all the Oes I sowed, were wilde,  
and light God wote: and cheape, they cost me naught:  
And now if that I be not much beguiled,  
they proue good Oes, and will be quickly bought:  
Hary my croppe I reape is very small,  
but what is lost, my ground is made withall.

And when I till, and sow a better grayne,  
mine Oes so lost, I shall not then repent:  
My profite then, will so requite my payne,  
as I shall thinke, my labour prettily spent:  
And eke in time, I hope with taking payne,  
to make it fit, to beare a right good grayne.

These Oes (alas) are sonde and foolish toyes,  
which, often tymes, doo enter in the minde:  
The thoughtes of which, giue cause of grieve or toyes,  
which are so lighte, as turne with every winde.  
And, suche wilde Oes, I meane wilde thoughtes God knowes,  
are all the grayne that in my ground now growes.

But yet I see that all the Oes I sowe,  
I meane the thoughtes that enter in my minde,  
Are not come vp: not halfe of them is showe:  
and some come vp, are blowen away with wynde.  
The rest that stand, are such as here you see,  
which if you lyke, then take them as they be.

These thoughtes in deede, were causes of such crimes,  
as in my booke here playne apparant be:

which

## *The woorkes of a young wit.*

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Which, as I hat halfe idle many tymes,  
I wrote (God wote) at randon, as you see:  
Which though they be but wilde lyght Dyes in deede,  
will make my ground yet fit for better seede.

Now I haue thought on thousand causes mo  
then I haue showane, as well of grieve as ioye:  
Some are forgot, and those I cannot shewe:  
and when I wrote vpon too fond a toy,  
And that withall my selfe mispake the same,  
strayght to the syze, for feare of further blame.

But such as these which by desert in deede,  
I here doo terme toyes of an idle head:  
Are all the croppe, that yet of al my seede  
I reape this yeere, the rest I thinke be dead:  
But they so lost, will better make my brayne,  
to yeelde good fruite, whyle so I till agayne.

For I protest as thus aduise, at lest,  
next tyme I till, to sowe some better grayne:  
Untill which tyme, I friendly you request,  
to take in woozth these first frutes of my brayne:  
Accounting thus my brayne a new digd ground,  
my rimes wilde Dyes, which euery where abound.

And for my labour more then halfe quite lost,  
Laugh not yet at me, for my folly such:  
Nor haue regard at all vnto my cost,  
my paines were most, although not very much:  
Which paines so spent, these trifling toies to write:  
I haue imploide to purchase thy delight.  
Which though but toyes, yet if they like thee well,  
yeeld friendly thanks: and so my friend farewell.

Finis.

The



## The woorkes of a young wit.

The Author standing in a study whether to write or  
no, wrote as foloweth.

**S**hal I presume to presse into the place,  
where Poetes stand, to trie theyr cunningg skyll:  
Fie, no, (God wote) I must not shewe my face  
among such men, they come from Pernassie hill.

Where ech one findes a muze, to guide his pen:  
and what should I doo then among such men.

No, no, (God wor) it is yenough for me,  
to stand without, and hearken at the doore.  
And through the key hole somewhat for to see,  
of orders theirs, although I doo no more:  
To see, I meane, how all the Poets wyte,  
and how their Muzes, helpe them to endite.

Except I doo, lyke Baparde bould by chaunce,  
thrust in at doore, and take no leave at all:  
In seeking so, my selfe for to aduance,  
agaynst my will, may hap to catch a fall:  
In ventring so, perhaps yet I may see,  
among them al, somewhat to profit me.

Perhaps I may, and liker of the two,  
for such my paynes, get nothing but a flout:  
Lo, thus in doubt, I know not what to doo,  
to presse in place, or still to keepe me out:  
To stand without, I can but little gaine,  
to be too bou'd, but laughe at, for my payne.

Laught at quoth I, but tush, if that be all,  
I must not feare, to presse in Poets place:  
For laughing loud, can bryede a hurt but small,  
it doth, but shewe some asse, or labeckes grace:  
In him that laughes, for Poetes will not vse,  
the simplest wight that is, for to abuse.

*And when thus I thus still thus becom me my*



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for feare of floutes, of some odde mocking mate:  
The wisest men, this once, I doo not doubt,  
in ech respect, such il demeanure hate:  
They rather will regard, mine earnest will,  
and let me in, then I should stand out still.

And Pallas, shee would send from Parnasse hill,  
some learned muze, to helpe me to endite:  
In writing to, who so myght guide my quill,  
that I myght somewhat like a Poet wyte:  
The Poetes too would helpe, rather then I,  
should loose the loue I haue to Poetry.

Then, if (perhappes) I wyte with simple skill,  
the wisest he ades, (I trust) will pardon me:  
They will regarde my good and earnest will,  
and thinke in tyme, some better stufte to see:  
Which by Gods helpe (ere long) in hope I stand,  
some finer matter, for to take in hand.

¶ The Author mynding to wryte somewhat, yet not resolved what: wrote in verse certayne deniaundes with himselfe what to write, as foloweth.

**A** Proverbe olde there is, which wise men count for true,  
that oft of sluggish idlenesse, great evils do ensue.  
Which Proverbe old, and true, when I do cal to mynde:  
to set my self about stragght way, I somewhat seek to finde.  
For feare least sitting still, when I have nought to doo,  
some thyffles thought myne idle mynde would set it selfe vnto.  
Sometyme I sit and reade, such bookes as lykes me best,  
sometyme a learned graue discourse, sometyme a pleasaunt test.  
Sometyme I take my penne, and then I fall to wyte,  
to learne to frame a letter fayre, sometime I doo indite,  
Some pretie odde conceit, to please my selfe withall,  
sometyme agayne I musick vse, although my skil be smal.  
Lo thus I reade, I wyte, I doo indite, and sing,

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and all to eschew idleness, that is so vile a thing.  
 And now not long ago, not hauing much to doo,  
 but thinking best what kynde of worke to set my selfe vnto,  
 I tooke my pen and Inke, and thought in deede to write  
 some kind of pretie pleasant toy, my minde for to delight.  
 But scarce I had begun, but then I thought againe,  
 in countreyes profit for to write, to take a little payne:  
 And thinking so, alas, vnto my selfe, quoth I,  
 what can I write, that any man may profit gayne thereby?  
 My yeares are very young, experience but small,  
 my learning lesse, & (God he knowes) my wisdom least of al.  
 And being then so young, and inexpert also,  
 and wisdom want to iudge in mynd, which way the world will  
 What almost can I write, but I must gayne thereby, (go,  
 but labour lost, and many a floure, for writing so fondly?  
 To write of pleasant toys to purchase deepe delyght,  
 w<sup>h</sup>y every Rinner writes such stuffe, then what shall I endite?  
 Some Ditties of despise? No, yet I like that worse:  
 Shall I then write some ruffling rime to sweare, and banne, and  
 Fie, that were woorst of all: shall I then write of kings? (curse  
 of princely Peeres, and Princes courtes, and of such gallant  
 No, no, no wordes of them, what euer so they be: (things?  
 Quod supra nos nihil ad nos, then let them be for me:  
 Shall I go low: then, and write of meaner sorte?  
 well, if I doo, I must take heede what tales I doo reporte.  
 What, shall I tell their fautes, and how they may amend?  
 why, they will bid me mend my selfe, ere I doo reprehend:  
 What: shall I take in hand the truth in deede to teach?  
 the some will say, beware your Gese, the Fox begins to preach.  
 Shall I then write of warres? oh no, I am too young:  
 I neuer seruice saw in field, then I must hold my tongue:  
 What: shall I write of ships, and sayling in the seas?  
 alas, my skill in saylors art is scarcely worth two peas.  
 What: shall I write of Quirkes and Quiddities in law?  
 no, no, for then I by and by, should shewe my selfe a Dada.  
 What then? of fruites or plants, of floures, hearbes and trees,



of drawing knots, & setting slips, and such like toys as these?  
 Cuth no, the Gardner saies, my cunning is but small:  
 and therfore I must hold my peace, and meddle not withal.  
 To such as rulers be, their duties shall I tel:  
 why, they wil bid me rule my selfe, and then I shall doo well.  
 What? shall I somewhat write of chrestie husbandry?  
 then shall I shame my selfe (alas) for none so ill as I.  
 What? shall I set out rules for to be taught in schoole?  
 I am so young a scholar, I should prooue my selfe a foole.  
 Shall I tell scholars then, what is their due to doo?  
 lets see good orders, say young hopes, you set your selfe vnto.  
 What shall I write of sinne? what shame dooth growe thereby?  
 why, some will bid me mend for shame, for no man woole then  
 Of vertue shal I speake, how it dooth purchase Fame? (A  
 then some that see my sinful life, wil bid me peace for shame.  
 Why then what may I write? if neyther this nor that,  
 nor tocher Theame wil serue my turne, good faith I knowe not  
 I may resolue vpon, but what my Muse thinkes best what  
 to write vpon, I ready am to write at her request.  
 For why, I playnly see, Dame Pallas sure hath sent  
 some Muse to me, to helpe me now some matter to inuent.  
 And as me thinkes in mynd, shee greatly me dooth moue,  
 to write some dolorous discourse, of lots of luckelesse loue:  
 Which since shee so desires, I am content to showe,  
 what passion once a louer pend, opprest with endlesse woes  
 And if my Muse agayne doo chaunce to change her mynd,  
 then shal you see to her content, what matter I wil fynd.  
 Now looke what so I write, referre it to my Muse,  
 and blame not me, but let her fault my folly quite excuse.  
 And take in worth, I craue, as shee my mind dooth moue,  
 this doleful and most strange discourse, that first I write of loue.



## THE WORKES OF A YOUNG WIT.

A pretty palsion, pend in the behalfe of a Gentleman, who  
trauailiing into Kent, fell there in loue: and ventring both  
landes, lynne, and lyfe, to doo his Mistresse seruice, in long  
time reapt nothing but losse for his labour, which losse, by  
yll lucke, in lamentable verse, he wrote to his beloued Lady,  
which, how shee tooke in woorth, that restes.

**V**Vhen I sometyme, reuolue within my mynde,  
the sorowes strange, that some men seemes to  
And therewithal consider eke in kinde, (showe  
the causes first, wherof their griefes doo growe:

And then compare, their pangues with myne agayne,  
I finde them al, but pleasures to my paine.

For w'yp, ech one can make a plaine discourse,  
howe euery sorowe dooth assaile his mynde:  
Then iudge (alas) howe farr e my woes are worste,  
when none aliue, can set them out in kinde.  
And if I could, my pangues at large expresse,  
yet am I sure, they are remedlesse.

Why am I sicke: yea sure, I am not well,  
where lyes my griefe: in body: or in mynde:  
In both, God wit, which myne I cannot tell,  
and I am sure, Whilston none to finde,  
That can deuise, to cure my strange disease,  
saue God and you, who may when so you please.

God knowes my griefe: you onely brought the same,  
I feele the paine, though howe, I cannot shoue:  
God knowes my helpe: and you, O noble Dame,  
the onely meane, to minister doo knowe.  
Oh helpe me: then, whiles I am yet aliue:  
lea't chat for life, I can no longer strue.

Howe holdes my griefe: alas both hot, and colde:  
hot with desire, and cold againe with feare:

Warne

Warne, when I doo thy beauties beames beholde,  
and quake with cold, to be, and thou not there.  
Lo thus I liue, tormented as you see:  
and wylł you not some pitie take on me?

But what is it, a kinde of feuer then,  
that holdes me thus, in these extremities?  
Pea sure, it is a plaine Quotidien,  
that keepes mee still, in these perplexities:  
That day and night, dooch so my mynde molest,  
as neuer lets my body be at rest.

Is then an ague such a straunge disease?  
why, many so are sicke, and easily cured:  
Pea, but the sicknesse of the mynde, no ease  
by phisickes arte, can euer haue procured.  
Such is my griefe, which makes me thus protest,  
butyll I dye, I neuer looke for rest.

The griefe of mynde: why there are diuers kinds,  
of sundry sorowes, in the mynde of man:  
To eche of which, the sicke man dayly fyndes,  
a sundry kinde of comfort now and then:  
Pet for my selfe, I stil protest my griefe  
is such almost, as cannot finde reliefe.

What griefe is that: That no man feesles the lyke:  
a secret sorowe that cannot be showane.  
For hidden hurts, who can for comfort seeke:  
but he, to whom the cause of griefe is knowne:  
Pet fare I woorse, who know my strange disease:  
pet cannot shewe it, nor pet seeke for ease.

What may it be: some secret pang of loue:  
or contrary: some hurt that growes by hate:  
Alas of both, the dayly pangs I proue,



## ***I the woorkes of a young wit.***

and that so sope, as may be wondred at:  
To bidde them boch, but how: that seemeth straunge,  
How: Why alas, I haue them by exchange.

For why, my trade is still to liue by losse,  
I beater loue, in hope to gayne good will:  
My buyled Barke, straunge tempestes dayly tolle,  
and keepe her in the seas of sadnes still:  
And when at last, shee comes from forreyne soyle,  
then see the fruites of all her tedious toyle.

First Merchandise is Malice, without cause,  
and packt within a bagge of bitter bale:  
Then next, is bookes of Lady Venus lawes,  
which peeld small gayne, their studies are so stale.  
Then sugred speeches, mixt with sownenes so,  
as all my wares, doo peeld me nought, but wo.

And thus, my shippe once set on sorowes shore,  
for all my wares, I custome pay to care:  
Which done, to saue some charges, that growe more,  
I beare them home, to saue the Porters share:  
For which I thinke, I merite mickle gayne,  
I beare, God wot, with such an extreme payne.

And when I come, vnto my home at last,  
my luckeles lodge, for so in deebe it is,  
And that of all my wares accompt I call,  
what losse by that, what gayne a gayne by this:  
At last, alone in sorowes shoppe I sit,  
and sell my wares, to my bewitched witte.

Who, when he wayes what they are woorth in deebe,  
and pit perhappes is oftentimes deceiued:  
In taking Reasons, in good reasons scede,  
which in good call, may easely be perceiued:  
He thinke at first, he cannot gine too much,  
for such fine fruites, for why there are none such:



*I DE WOOLKES OF A YOUNG WIT.*

But God he knowes, when he a while hath fedde  
on Reisons sweete, ere they be full digest:  
He soone shall find such woorking in his head,  
as that his hart shall haue but litle rest:  
And if among his Reisons sweete, by chaunce  
he eate a Figge, that byngs him in a traunce.

For oft in Figges, are serrete fetches wrought,  
some Figges are fruites, that growe of soule distaynt:  
Some of despight, and all such Figges are nought,  
yet such be mine, which come not out of Spayne:  
But growe hereby, but ouer Sea, in Kent,  
and thither twas, for all my wares, I went.

From thence it was, that all my wares I had,  
and there I caught the cause of all my griefe:  
There fell I sicke, ther was I almost madde,  
and there it is, that I must seeke reliefe:  
But all in vayne, for why I playnly see,  
the heauenly fates, doo wholly frowne on me.

Yet restlesse quite, this rest I rest vppon,  
either to die, and so my sorowes end:  
Or els, when all my wooll wares be gon,  
God will at last, some better shipping send:  
And you deare dame, who onely know my griefe,  
will waile my wo, and lend me some reliefe.

You made the Reisons that doo make me loose,  
your liking first, at lest in outward shewe,  
And you agayne, the Figges did make me choole,  
and made me tast, to woork my deadly wo:  
And you alone haue Cinamon, to binde  
your friendly liking, to my louing minde.

You haue in deede the Humes of pittie sweete,  
to coole the heate, of my so hot desire:

My quaking hart, falles quivering at your feete,  
to craue the comfort, of your families fire:  
Your loving lookes, doo make me sorrow so,  
and your sweet loue, can onely end my wo.

Then weep my case, and when you thinke vppon  
the sorowes small, that some men seeke to shewe:  
And see agayne, how I am woo begon,  
and that the cause of all my grieffe, you know:  
Touchsafe deare dame, some sweete reliefe to giue,  
yet ere I dye, for long I cannot liue.

And thus adue, God long prolong thy dayes,  
and plant some pity in thy princely mind:  
To lend him helpe, wholines a thousand wayes,  
perplext with payne, and can no comfort find:  
But by thy meanes, and therefore thus I end,  
Lady farewell, God make thee once my friend.  
Finis.

My Muse hauing heard this, told me that patience was  
the best Medicine for such a sicknesse. And thereuppon  
wilde me wryte vppon Patience, as followeth.

**N**O sicknesse such, as is the grieffe of minde,  
no cunning more, then for to cure the same:  
Rare is the helpe, yet this I plainly find,  
for euery soze, some salue dooth whillicke frame:  
And so I thinke in deepest of distresse,  
some meane there is, to lend the mind redresse.

But what that is, no writer shewes the name,  
experience makes ech man himselfe to know:  
But for my part, sure patience is the same,  
in greatest grieffe, whereby my ease doth growe:

And



*The Workes of a young wit.*

9.

And so I iudge, in greatest griefe of minde,  
that other men the like reliefe doe finde.

For prooffe whereof, the passing panges of loue  
who dare denie, the greatest griefe that is,  
Which from the minde, no meane can wel remoue,  
but many wayes, torments it soe Twis.  
In this I saye so greate a mallady,  
patience perforce is only remedy.

Where Patience comes, despaire with foule anote  
is byiune awaye, and hope supplies the place:  
Hope comforte byinges, and comforte causeth iole,  
and one Iole byinges an other Ioye apace.  
Oh sweete reliefe, chiefe comforte of the minde:  
God graunte me thee, in all my griefes to finde.

Finis.

My *Muse* likte so well of this Pamphlette, that shee willed  
me to write agayne vpon it, at whose commaunde I wrote  
as folowes.

In greatest care, what is the comforte chief:  
the thing obteinde, that moste the minde desires.  
But wanting that, what moste will lende relief:  
the remedy, that reason chief requires,  
Is patience, to please the mourning minde,  
whereby the harte some ease (thoughe small) dothe finde.

Who stands contente, with suche happe as dothe fall,  
with hope of better, cheeres his heuy harte:  
Who disc contente with anger frets his gall,  
is like to liue, in panges of greater smart.

C. I.

Ther

## *A new woorkes of a young wit.*

Then as I sayde, so now I sape agayne,  
patience dothe ease the minde of mickle paine.

Patience procures the comforte of the harte,  
drives out despaire, and setteth hope in place,  
Calseth the minde, oppresse with grievous smarte  
allwageth muche greate paines in litle space  
What more: the best and only meane I finde,  
in greatestt griefe, for to relieue the minde.

Oh precious pearle, and very rare, God wote  
and harde, to harde, in time of griefe to finde,  
Wretched the wighte, (alas) that finds thee not,  
but happy hee that keepes thee in his minde.  
Blessed the God, that firste did thee ordaine  
to ease the harte, oppress with greatestt paine.

Finis.

By that tyme that I had finished this Pamphlet vpon patience, wyth hanginge downe my hedde ouer my paper, mine eyes grue redde, and ranne on water, wherevpon my muse tooke occasion, to thinke, vpon the hurte of the eye sighte, and presently willed me to write vpon the same, as foloweth.

Three thinges there are, that greatly hurte the sight,  
which by the eye, doe breede the harts disease,  
And being seene, as well by daye as nighte,  
vnto the minde doe breede but litle ease.  
Of which three, one, dothe partely breede delighte:  
the other two, breede nothinge but despighte.

The firste, and worste, is this (alas) to see  
a for fare well, and dearestt friende decays.

The



The seconde sighte, then which, what worse maye be?  
 is sorrowes smoke, that riseth nighte and daye  
 From fancies fier, which from the harte to heade,  
 dothe so ascende, as makes the eyes looke redde.

Now to the third, what more can hurt the sighte  
 then to behold a fayre and gallant dame:  
 Then fall in loue, and labour day and nighte,  
 to gayne her loue, yet not obteyne the same:  
 Then thus I end, what more can hurt the sighte,  
 then these three things which here I doo recite:  
 Finis.

¶ Now my *Muse* gan sodaynely enter into the cogitation of  
 the state of man, and thereupon wilde me to write these few  
 verses following.

**O** wretched state of miserable man,  
 who, let him haue what so he can desire:  
 Pea let him craue, what so deuile he can,  
 and eke obteyne the thing he dooth requyre:  
 Yet such (we see) is our ambitious minde,  
 as yet in deede, dooth neuer quiet find.

For to beginne with this perplexitie,  
 the Captiue, he that lies in prison pent:  
 Oh, what a heaume, sayes he, is liberty,  
 let him get out, and all his riches spent,  
 Oh then, sayes hee, coyne makes the merry man,  
 let him haue wealth, and then, what lacks hee than?

If hee be rich, perhappes he hath the gone,  
 what followes then? what heaume is heath sayth hee:  
 Let him haue heath, then honor out of doubt,  
 he seeketh next: and let him noble be,

What seekes he then? to stand in Princes grace:  
which had, what then? himselfe the regall mace.

If he be Prince, what then? a quiet seate:  
which if he get, what then? his subjects loue:  
That once obtaind, what then? some glory great:  
and glory got, what then? by armes to proue  
Tenlarge his Realme; which got, what then but this:  
to with the rule of al the world were his:

Which sure I think, that if some man myght haue,  
yet would his mind not sit at quiet rest:  
But he would wish and somewhat seeke to craue,  
which might (perhaps) in deede auaille him least:  
Therefore say I, oh wretched state of man,  
whom God can scarce content with what he can.

But for my selfe, God graunt me grace to craue,  
that he may thinke most meete for me to haue:  
God saue our Queene, and God her Realme defend,  
confound her foes, and thus I make an end:  
When that this vile and wretched world is past,  
God send vs all the ioyes of heauen at last. Amen.

Finis.

¶ These verses being read, my *Muse* bethought her selfe of a  
proper Gentleman, who hauing been sometime a braue fel-  
low, and liued gallantly in Courte by Fortunes frownes, fro-  
ward dealing of friendes, and flattery of friendly foes, so-  
daynly sonke, and was forced for want of that he wished,  
for to leaue the court, and end his lyfe among the coun-  
treys Crue, where dolefully he dyed: at whose departure  
from Court, and passage to the Countrey, I gaue  
hym in Verse too read in ydle tyme thys dolefull  
*Adio,*



*Adio*, which heere I recite, The man is dead, his name not  
expressed. Wherefore I hope no man will finde faulte with  
the recitall: if any doe, the matter is not great, and therefore  
at all adventures thus it was.

**S** Ince secret spighte hath sworne my woe,  
and I am dytyme by destiny  
Agaynst my will, (God knowes) to goe  
from place of gallante company:  
And in the steede of sweete delighte,  
to reape the fruites of foule despighte:

As it hath been a custome longe,  
to bidde farewell when men departe,  
So will I singe this solempne songe,  
farewell, to some, with all my harte:  
But those my friendes: but to my foes,  
I wishe a Nettle in their nose.

I wishe my friendes, their harts contente,  
my foes agayne, the contrary:  
I wishe my selfe, the tyme were spent,  
that I muste spende in misery.  
I wishe my deadly foe, no worse,  
then wante of friendes, and empty purse.

But now my wishes thus are donne,  
I muste beginne to bidde farewell:  
With friendes, and foes, I haue begonne,  
and therefore, now I can not tell  
What firste to chuse, or ere I parte,  
to write a farewell from my harte.

Firste, place of worldly paradise,  
thou gallante courte, to thee farewell:

*THE BOOKES OF A YOUNG WISE*  
For forwarde fortune me dempes,  
now longer neere to thee to dwell,  
I muste goe lyue I wot not where,  
nor how to lyue when I come there.

And nexte, adue you gallante Dames,  
the chiefe of noble pouthes delighte,  
Untowarde fortune now so frames,  
that I am banishte from your sighte:  
And in your steede, agaynst my wil,  
I muste goe liue with cunery gill.

Now nexte, my gallante pouthes farewell,  
my lads that ofte haue cheerde my harte:  
By grief of minde no toyng can tell,  
to thinke that I muste from you parte.  
I now muste leaue you all (alas)  
And liue with some, odde lobcocke I lye.

And now farewell, thou gallante Lute,  
with instruments of Musicks sounds,  
Recorder, Citren, Harpe and Fluyte,  
and heauely deskaunts on sweete grounds:  
I now muste leaue you al in deede,  
and make some Musicke on a reede.

And now you stately stamping steedes,  
and gallante geldings faire adue:  
By heauy harte for sorrow bleedes,  
to thinke, that I muste parte with you:  
And on a strawne paniel lye,  
and ride some country carting tye.

And now farewell bothe speare and shield,  
Caluer, pistoll, Hargubus



**The woorkes of a young wit.**

**12.**

See, see, what sighes my harte dothe peebe,  
to thinke that I muste leaue you thus,  
And late aside my Rapier blade,  
and take in hande a ditching spade.

And now farewell all gallant games  
Primero and Imperial,  
Wherewith I vsbe with courtely Dames  
to passe awaye the time with all :  
I now muste learne some country playes  
for ale and cakes on holy dayes.

And now farewell eche deinty dishe,  
with sundry sorts of sugred wine,  
Farewell I saie fine flesh and fishe,  
to please this deinty mouth of mine:  
I now (alas) muste leaue all cheese,  
and make good cheere with bread and cheese.

And now all orders due farewell,  
my table laide when it was noone :  
O my beaup harte, it irkes to tel,  
my deinty dinners all are doone:  
With leekes and onions, whigge and whaye,  
I muste contente me as I maie.

And farewell all gaie garments now,  
with Jewels riche of rare deuise:  
Like Robin hood, I wot not how,  
I must goe raunge in woodmens wyse,  
Cladde in a Cote of greene or gray,  
and gladde to get it if I maye.

What shall I saie? but bidde adue  
to every dranne of sweete delighte,

**In place**

## *The woorkes of a young wit.*

In place where pleasure neuer grew,  
in dungeon deepe, of foule despight:  
I must (ay me) wretch, as I may,  
goe sing the song of well away.

Finis.

My *Muse* somewhat melancholy with the reading of this pitifull parting of this poore Gentleman, standing a while in a great dunpe, suddaynly can call to mynde a dolefull discourse of a very sorrowfull shroue Sondagys Supper, which a luckelesse loue not long agoe was at. Who sitting at boord with his maliciyous Mistres, receyued of her such vnderfrownes, and vncurteous speaches, as being returned home to his lodging after supper, sitting in his chamber all alone, and calling to minde the perylles he had past for her sake, and the coyne he had spent in her seruice, repenting him selfe, as well of his labour as cost, both lost, Wrote in rage a fewe Verses of his yll happe: which wayfull woordes my *Muse* gaue me thus to write.

**O** wretched wight, what fates doe frowne on thee:  
haue destenies decreed thee such distresse:  
Shalt thou none end of thy thy sorowes see:  
and canst thou tell no where to seeke redresse:  
Then sit, and sigh, and sobbe, and though long fust,  
at last, thy hart with bitter payne will burst.

Looke luckeles wretch, behold the pleasaunt sport,  
the liuely lookes that twixt sweete louers passe:  
In ioyfull wis: how friendes to friendes resort,  
to make good cheere, and thou poore wretch (alas)  
Mayst sit alone, and find no mery mate,  
to comfort thee, in this thy wretched state.

Where



Where ocher feede on fine and delint fare,  
and fill their eares, with Musickes heavenly sounde,  
And haue their harts, almoste deuoid of care,  
and feele no woe, to worke their secret wounde:  
I selly wretche, a thousande tormentes finde,  
eche daye by daye, for to molest my minde.

And for my cheere, firste messe, is mplerie,  
serued in the dishe of foule and deepe despighte:  
Then, sorowes Sallet, so vnfauorite:  
as, (God he knowes) in taste yeeldes small delighte:  
Repentance roote, then haue I lasse of all,  
whose taste I finde, as bitter is as gall.

Then fruites of folly, serued in at lasse,  
and for sweete comfits, sondry kinds of care,  
Which, God he knowes, doe yeelde suche bitter taste,  
as wretched he, that feedeth on suche fare:  
Yit, so feede I, which when that I haue eate,  
comes churlishe lookes, for to digest my meate.

My Musicke now, is beating on my breste,  
and sobbing sighes, which yeelde a heauy sounde,  
My harte with panges of paine is ouerprest,  
which daily grow, by woe his deadly wounde:  
For company, in steede of louing freinde,  
I finde a foe, a fury, and a fiende.

And for delights, in dumps I passe my dayes,  
I weepe for woe, when other sing for Ioie,  
I stand perplext, a thousande sundry wayes,  
and know no meane, to ridde me of anoye,  
But muste (aye me) perforce stil stande contente,  
to dwell in dole, untill my dayes be spent.

Finis.

D. h.

This

## The woorkes of a young wit.

¶ This donne, my *Muse* began to thinke vpon the estate of louers, and tolde me that he was muche to blame, to rage in suche sorte for a frowne or a foule worde, he muste abide twenty worse Banquets (excepte fortune be his greate friende) ere he atteine to his desire. For quoth shee:

*Dulci non nascit, qui non gustauit amarum.*

and therewithall, vpon the same wordes wilde me write as foloweth.

**B**ut by the sweete, how shoulde wee know the sorwe,  
but by a blacke, how shoulde wee know a white:  
How shoulde a man enioye one ioyfull houre,  
that hath not knowne some sorow by despyte?  
What shall I saie: what pleasure can he know,  
that hath not paffe some pang of deadly wo?

The hungry fedde, know beste what is good cheere,  
and poore once riche, who better knoweth welthe:  
Who knowes good cheape, but he that hath bought deere:  
and lick once hole, can Iudge how good is helthe.  
Beleeue me now, none better knowes contente,  
then he, that hath some tyme in trouble spent.

But what of him that neuer knew contente:  
that tastes no sweete, but bitter, sharpe, and sorwe:  
And all his dayes hath still in trouble spent,  
and can not hope, to finde one happy houre:  
Whom none aliue, (but one) that comforte can,  
God make that one, to helpe him wretched man.

Finis.

¶ This donne, my *Muse* studynge of the straunge estate of luckeles louers. bethoughte her selfe of a disdainfull dame, y hom God had blest with better beauty then by her behauiour



hauour many wayes shee seemed worthy of, and chiefly,  
for her discourteous dealinge with a gentleman her faith-  
full louer, who euery way had deserued her fauoure, and  
was by equality worthy of her in euery respecte: who  
seing her vntowarde dealing, wrote vpon the same in his  
study alone certeine verses, which as they were giuen me  
by my *Mis*: to write, were these folowing.

**VV**hat gyfte so good: but folly may abuse.  
what state so highe: but fortune sets ful lotte  
What gemme so rare: but fany male refuse,  
what Ioye so great: but Frenzie turnes to woe,  
What faith so firme? but Fury doth mistruste.  
what wighte so stronge: but Loue lapes in the duste.

What force so stronge: but wo may make ful weake,  
what fury great: but wit may moderate:  
What Frenzy such: but werines may breake,  
what fany firme? but welthe wil alienate:  
What fortunes power: but wisebome maye with stande:  
what folly that: but will doth take in hande.

What wretched too: but tyme turnes to delighe,  
what wit so fine: but treason may entrappe:  
What wery lumme: but treasure maketh lighte,  
what welthe so great: but waistes by euil happe:  
What man so wise: but fany sets to schoole,  
by lawes of loue to learne to play the foole.

What gyfte so good? as beauty in a mayde,  
what more abuse: then proudly vse the same:  
What Gemme to loue: which proudly is denaide,  
what madnes more: then is in suche a Dame:  
By faith so firme, what fury dothe mistruste,  
with soule disdaine, to sling me in the duste:

## *The woorkes of a young wit.*

But oh that God shoulde so his gifts bestow,  
where wit doth wante, to gouerne them arighte:  
And (aie me wretche) that euer I shoulde know,  
their suche abuse, to worke my harts despighte.  
And wo to them, that so good gifts abuse,  
that proude shoulde cause good profers to refuse.

Finis.

¶ This donne my *Muse* gan cal to minde a pretty shorte solemne fanfy, that the same man wrote in the tyme of his loue, touchinge his il hap, which presentely she willed me to pen, in this maner.

**F**ly fanfy sonde, and trouble me no more,  
for where thou likst, thou findest unlucky lot:  
Die deepe desire, and bere me not so sore,  
for doe thy beste, and it auailleth not,  
Leaue lowing loue, to breede me still suche grief,  
as by no meanes, can euer finde relief.

Fie fanfy fie, why didste thou fixe mine eye,  
on suche a starre as so hath dimde my sighte:  
Agayne, desire why didste thou clime so hye?  
where thou canste neuer reache vnto the heichte.  
And cruell loue, why didste thou yeelde me so,  
a slaue to her, that daily workes my woe?

But all in vaine I crye, my fanfy still  
doth like her beste, who wurste doth like of me,  
And my desire doth thinke, perforce he will  
assaulte the foyle, that scaled can not be:  
And loue doth force me honour her in hart,  
who laughes at mee, to see me liue in smarte.

Finis.

¶ Now



Now gan my *Muse* sodeinly to leaue me, and I somewhat we-  
ry with writing, walked abroad, to take the aire : but being  
not gon far from my lodging, I mette with a noble man, my  
right good Lord, who would (no nay) haue me with him to  
his lodging, where I had not been long, but he commaun-  
ded me to wryte him some Verses. I craued of his Lordship  
a Theame to wryte vpon : none would he graunt, but  
wild me to write what I would. I not knowing what of a  
sodayne myght best fit his fanfy, and yet desyrous to pen  
that myght like his Lordshyppe, standyng a while in a stu-  
dye, at last at all aduentures I wrote that which I dyd as-  
sure my selfe myght no way much mislyke hym, which  
with the helpe of my *Muse* who mette me there of a so-  
dayne, and vnscene or heard, would whisper me in the eare  
with what inuention shee thought best : such as by good  
happe my Lord liked better of, then it was worthy, which  
was as followeth.

**M**y Lord commaundes, that I in hast doo write,  
somewhat in Verse, a charge too great for me,  
Whose barreine brayne can no such Verse endite,  
as worthy were my louely Lord should see:  
And therefore thus, in halfe despayre I stand,  
so write or no, or what to take in hand.

Yet write I must, I see no remedy,  
My Lord Commundes, and I must needes obey:  
And therefore though I shame my selfe thereby,  
Yet write I must, I see there is no nay:  
And therefore thus, not knowing what to write,  
this ragged rime, at random I endite.

In hope my Lord will well except my will  
at his commaunde, that seekes to doo my best:  
And not regard my too too simple skill,  
and were it not, on this my hope did rest:

D.iii.

I should

## *'I be woorkes of a young wit.*

I should be so discomforted to write,  
that I should sure no Clerke at all endite.

Therefore my Lord, I first must pardon crave,  
for radenes such as in my rime you finde:  
I know my Lord, your Lordshippe cannot haue  
a Clerke of me, that may content your minde:  
My yeares are young, experience but small,  
my learning lesse, and wisdome least of all.

And therefore thus I thinke, and shame to wryte,  
but yet, in hope your Lordshippes noble minde  
Will pardon that which fondly I endite,  
and well accept such Clerkes as you find,  
I thus haue wrote, (God wot) with little skill,  
at your commaund, tis Aliquid Nihil.  
Finis.

¶ This toye (though little woorth) yet likte my Lord so wel,  
as presently he wold me to discourse vppon *Aliquid*, and  
let *Nihil* alone, at whose commaund, with the helpe of my  
*Muse*, I wrote in this wise.

**S**ome what doth beare some sanour, some men say,  
and where nought is, the King dooth loose his right:  
The poore that begges from doore to doore, al day,  
is safe, if he a penny get by night:  
The little child that learnes the Chykses crosse row,  
is better learnde, then he that nought dooth knowe.

A cruste is better then no bredde at all,  
and water serues where is ther drinke:  
Some wit doth well, though wisdomie be but small,  
tis better swim a stroke or two, then sinke:  
Better one eye, one legge, and but one hand,  
then be starke blinde, and cannot sturre, nor stand.

¶ Yet,



Pet, as a Prince, a pound of pennies seemes  
a thing of nought, no summe almost at all:  
Agayne, in schooles, the learned Doctor deemes  
a good gramarian, but a scoller small:  
Pet doo the poore a penny somewhat finde,  
and A B C. dooth trouble a childes mynde.

And though the Baker count a Lofe no bredde,  
and Untner count good Beere, no drinke at all:  
And in comparison of a deepe hedde,  
a right good wit haue vnderstanding small,  
Pet poore chawe crusts, and sup worse Broth then Beere,  
and wit must serue, where wisdom is not neere.

And though the man that sees with both his eyes,  
dooth thinke a man with one eye sees but ill:  
And he that hath his limmes all sound likewise,  
may thinke the lame on ground must needes ly still,  
Pet one eye sees, one legge may helpe to stand,  
and he may sturre, that hath but one good hand.

But this I graunt, a penny (sure) to be  
but little copie, to make a mery hart:  
And so I thinke the chyldrens. A B C.  
but little knowledge, to a learned arte:  
And small in deede, the saueur is I know,  
that by these two, is likely for to grow.

And crustes (I thinke) doo lend reliefe but hard,  
and cold the comfort that dooth water yeeld:  
And wisdom too, from wit may not be spard,  
two strokes in swimming, saues a man but seelde:  
One eye sees ill, one legge but lamely stardes,  
he nunnly sturres, that lackes one of his handes.

And thus I graunt, and therefore now agayne,  
I thinke these summes, as good as nought at all:  
I craue

*I the woordes of a young wit.*

I craue and haue my penny for my payne,  
and yet ( God wot ) it lendes me comfort small:  
I can ech letter in my Christes crosse rowe,  
and yet in deede, me thinkes I nothing knowe.

I chaw on crust, yet ready am to starue,  
I water drinke, which makes me cold at hart:  
My wit I see, from wisdom quice dooth swarue,  
I strue to swim, but cannot learne that art:  
Dimme is my sight, I stifely sturre my handes,  
and on my limmes, my body numbly standes.

But as I first begun, I end agayne,  
somewhat doth well, althoughe the summe be small:  
A little plaster, doth aswage much payne,  
bee onely blest, that needeth nought at all:  
Who countes al summes on earth, a summe but small  
to heauenly loyes, which summe God send vs all,

Finis.

¶ This discourse ended, and perused, my Lord was somewhat earnest with me, ere I should depart from him, to write in lyke manner some discourse vppon *Nihil*, and let *Aliquid* alone: which though it seemed vnto me heard (at the first) yer minding to do my Lord any seruice I could, I tooke in hand, with the helpe of my Muse, to write these verses follow ing.

**VV**hat must I doo: write nothing: no, not so,  
of nothing, I must somewhat seeke to wyte  
Of nothing: Why: What can I write, I trowe  
nothing peeldes nothing, whereon to endite:  
But there are choise of nothings now I see,  
of which I knowe not, which is giuen to me.

But let me see, what these new nothings be,  
what matter too, they giue to write vppon:

One



One nothing is, as I remember me,  
a new nothing, which many a day agen,  
Children were wont to hang vpon their secures:  
now let me see what this new nothing giues.

Ah, now I find it shoues a pretty iest,  
when children cry, be it of Gyle or boy:  
To still them strayght, and make them be at rest,  
new nothing is a pleasant pretty toy:  
So, new nothing I see, when children cry,  
is a fit member in the nursery.

No more of new nothings, but now againe,  
an old nothing there is, and what is that?  
That men doo vse, and some vnto their payne,  
doo learne to know the meaning of that what:  
Twixt creditours it is as some men say,  
a few fayre woordes, where is no coyn to pay.

Besides these nothings now, a thyrd there is,  
which some doo nothing to the purpose call,  
That nothing to the purpose now is this,  
when wiser men fall in talke, among them all  
If some orde foole doo seeme to prate and clatter,  
and all his talke tend nothing to the matter.

Now a fourth nothing I doo call to mynd,  
and that is, nothing in comparison:  
The meaning of which nothing, this I find,  
an entrance, nothing to that which is done:  
A penny to a pound, will seeme so smal,  
as in manner seemeth naught at all.

Another nothing now, is nothing thought,  
as when a man that hath a thing to doo,

E.i.

Dootly

*I he woorkes of a young wit.*

Dooth thinke it easie, as a thing of nought,  
and yet, when that he sets himselfe thereto,  
He findes his nothing such a some, in deede,  
as more then he can well dispatch with speede.

One nothing more, that nothing is in deede,  
where credit, coyne, noz wit, noz wisdom is:  
New nothing, old nothing, nothing to stand in steede,  
noz nothing in comparison, I wis.  
These nothings now, my selfe, I thinke possesse,  
and I belecue, fewe men that can haue lesse,

Now nothing thought, is this my fond discourse,  
of all these nothings clapt together so:  
Then which I thinke, there can be nothing worse,  
and may therefore for nothing iustly goe.  
Yet who the like dooth set himselfe vnto,  
shall finde a foolish prece of woork to doe.

And thus my Lorde, I must confesse in deede,  
I shoue my nought or no capacitie:  
To giue your Lordship such a toy to reede,  
as dooth containe nothing but vanitie.  
Yet since to write of nothing I was wile,  
your Lordshippes best (I hope) I haue fulfilled.

If not so well, as dooth in deede content,  
I pardon craue, my will did wishe the best:  
If I had knowne, what had your lordship ment  
To haue had done, I should haue soone been prest  
To beate my braines, according to my skill,  
for to haue writ, according to your will.

But since my theame, was nothing els but this,  
a bare nothing for to endite vpon:  
If I by chaunce haue wrote somewhat amisse,  
And



And haue besides the rules of reason gon,  
I stande in hope, your Lordshippes noble minde,  
will pardon all, which nothing worth you finde.

Finis.

**T**his discourse finished, and deliuered vnto my Lorde, after some talke had with his Lordship, I tooke my leaue of him, and returnde home to my lodging, but by the way, I chaunced to passe by three or foure gardens: & loking ouer a Pale into one of the sayd gardens, to take the sweete ayre of diuers floures and herbes that grue neere vnto the pale, I espied sitting on a Cammamel bancke vnder two or three trees, to shade them from the parching heate of the sunne, three gallant ladyes: of which one so farre in beautie excelled the rest, as my thought I could not content my selfe enough with the singular comforte of her sweete countenance, but let this suffice, that I stood there gazing, til the sweete soule, to my extreme sorrow, and hartes grieve, departed the place, and then wyth a heauie hart as I coude I returnde to my lodging, where long I had not been, but my *Muse* came to me, and seeing me sit in that solempne sort, wyld mee write somewhat of the cause of my dumpes. I not knowing what to write in that perplexitie of mynde, wrote as my *Muse* bad me, in praise of the garden for the Ladyes sake whom I had seene there, and yet for letting her goe so soone, fell out a little with it, in verse, as followeth.

**I**f one may praise a place for harbouring a guest,  
in whom the stay of his delight, and chiefest ioye dooth rest:  
And eke may curse the place that harbouring her so,  
vnto his dolour deepe, againe to soone did let her goe:  
Then let me praise the place where lodged my delight,  
And curse it to, that let her goe, so soone out of my sight:

C.ii.

Shert

## *The woorkes of a young wit.*

Short was the tyme (God wote) I did her sight enioy:  
by want of which, I feare long tyme to lue in great anoye.  
Foure of fure hoeres were all that I, and that but seeld,  
this gallant Lady now and than by fits sometyme beheld,  
But from the minute first that I beheld her face,  
God knowes within my wretched hart, how beautie hers tooko  
Mine eye greue blinded straght, for Cupid hit the baine, (place:  
that goes downe straght vnto my hart, and there begonne my  
Then gan my stomacke to wke, my braine distempred to, (paine:  
thus greued in eye, head, and hart, I knew not what to doo.  
But to content my selfe, with comfort now and than,  
of her suret lookes, a right reliefe for such a wooll man:  
Which came alas but seeld, yet euer when they came,  
God knowes, I cannot shewe the toyes I reaped by the same.  
But what? I goe too farre, I ment to prayse a place,  
for harbouring a heavenly dame for beautie and good grace:  
And I am telling of the franticke fittes of loue,  
and of the hurt I caught thereby, and pangs that I doo proue:  
But I will leaue it now, and speake somewhat in prayse,  
of such a place, as dooth deserue due prayse a thousand waies.  
What place is chole as chiefe to breede the minds delgth,  
that was the place wherein I first did gayne this Ladies sight:  
Some thinke for gallant show the Court can haue no peere:  
but I more gallant count the place, where first I saw my deere.  
For gold and Jewels rich, some speake much of Cheapside,  
but there a Jewel, that may make them all their Jewels hide:  
Some loue in Pauls Churchyarde, to spend ech day by day,  
to see of learned vertues lawes, what auncient wryters say:  
The vertues of my booke I cannot well declare,  
but I beleue what so they be, it shoves them all that are:  
It prudence playne descries, it loues no wrong at all,  
it Fortitude dooth much commend, but temperate withall:  
I tell you of a booke, but trust me tis a dame,  
who what I say, in ech respect dooth well approue the same,  
By vertuous notle mynd, by comely courtly grace:  
blest be the booke, woorthy the wight, and happy be the place.  
Some



Some counts the Painters Shop, for pictures sayre and bright,  
and fine proportions, a place the minde for to delight.  
Then come, and heere behold no foolish painted peece,  
but liuely dame, that soone may staine Appelles work in Greece.  
Some thinke where Musicke is, that place for to be best,  
the doleful minde for to delight, and set the hart at rest:  
For musicke sweete (alas) no melodie I deeme  
so sweet, as my sweet mistresse voyce, that musicke I esteeme.  
Some thinke that Gardens sweet, with flowres, hearbes, & trees,  
with knots and borders, sets & slips, & such like toys as these,  
To be the chiefest place, for to delight the minde,  
and there doo seeke in saddest moods, some solace for to finde.  
Their Judgements like I wel, for trust me, I thinke so,  
that such a place wyl soonest rid the mournyng minde of wo.  
And in such place, I meane, in Garden sweete I founde  
by sight, the chiefe of my delight, yet causer of my wounde,  
My mistresse deere, I meane the comfort of my hart:  
and yet againe, by absence now, the causer of my smart.  
By her againe, I sawe in Garden where shee sat,  
sayre flowres, sweet hearbes, braue trees, fine knots, & borders  
Upon my mistresse stil, was fixt my stedfast eye, (too, but what,  
no flowre nor hearbe, knot, border, tree, coulde make me looke a-  
Way at last, too soone (alas) shee went away, my:  
and then for sorrow howe I sighd, for shame I may not say.  
But should I shame my selfe: thus much I would protest,  
her then departure from my sight, yet breeds my harts unrest.  
O gallant Garden, yet which once with sweets didst hold  
so brave a dame, whos: worthy prayse can never wel be told:  
It is gramercy yeeld, that with the pleasaunt linel  
of thy sweete flowres couldest finde the meane, to keepe her there  
But hadst thou kept her stil, where now I geue thee praise, (so wel.  
I would in hart haue honord thee, til death should end my daies.  
What, could no gallant tree, nor yet the pleasaunt ayre  
of some sweete flowre, make her desire againe to thee repayre:  
Surely some stinking weede among thy hearbes doth grow,  
that giues yll sent, that caused her for to mislike thee so.

## *The woorkes of a young wit.*

O from some fruitlesse tree some Catterpillar fell,  
vpon her lap to her milke, somewhat she likd not wel.  
I knowe not what it was, but many things I doubt,  
but what it was, what so it was I would it had been out.  
If that it were a weede, God soone destroy the roote,  
if noper some light of fruitlesse tree, God lay it vnder foote.  
If Catterpillar fel, to worke her harts annoy,  
I craue of God, through all the world such vile wormes to de:  
And chiefly in that place, that none may there remayne, (strop:  
if euer she to my delyght doo chaunce to come agayne:  
If neyther these was cause, I know not what to say,  
but curse thee in my hart, for that thou letst her go away.  
But since that thee is gon, to thee a flat farewell,  
and I my selfe from pleasant sweetes in dolefull beh will dwell;  
And thus till she returne, quight voyde of all delight,  
adue to thee, farewell to her, and soule fall fortunes spight.  
Finis.

Now by that tyme this discourse was full finished, it grue  
somewhat late in the nyght: wherevpon I growing some-  
what drousy, had rather desire to rest then write any more:  
wherupon my *Muse* left me, and I layd me down to sleep,  
and being a sleepe, I sodaynly fell into a most straunge  
dreame, which in the morning, awake, I cald to mynde,  
and as I could, I put it into verse, in order as followeth.

### *A peece of a Preface before the dreame.*

Straunge are the sights that some in sleepe shall see,  
and straunger much, then haue been scene by day,  
For prooue whereof you heere shall heare of me:  
as I of late halfe in a slumber lay,  
A most strange dreame I sodaynly fell in:  
which dolefull dreame, (marke well) did thus begin.

The dreame followes.

In



## *The Woorkes of a young wit.*

20.

**I**n lucklesse land (a wofull tale to tell)  
where neuer grieve of any pleasure grue,  
Where dire disdayne and soule despyght dos dwell:  
and of such churles a currish kinde of crue,  
It was my hap (me thought) not long agoe,  
to trauayle through the wilbernes of moe.

The luck-  
lesse land,

The wilder-  
nes of wo.

And walking long about this wilbernes,  
at last vnto a huge great Heth I came,  
Which Heth was cald the Heth of heauines,  
and sure me thought might right wel beare that name:  
For on the same I could see no such thing,  
as any way, myght any comfort bying.

In the wil-  
dernes of  
woe the  
Heth of he-  
uines,

The ground al bare, without or hedge or tree,  
saue here and there a Byere or Nettle bush:  
No fruite nor floure, nor hearbe that I could see,  
nor Grasse almost, but here and there a rush:  
And Holle, and Bents, and full of ragged stone,  
and dwelling houses neare it nere a one.

The de-  
scription  
of the Heth

Well, walking long vpon this Heth alone,  
at last I sayd, whereas I heard me thought,  
The voyce of one that made a piteous mone,  
and this he sayd, too long I wretch haue sought  
For some relief, but now too late I see,  
there is no hope of comfort left for me.

The first vi-  
sion,

And therefore home I backwardes will retorne,  
and draw my dayes in dole out as I can:  
And stand content perforce to wayle and mourne,  
in endlesse grieve (aye me) poore wretched man,  
And with that woord, he fetcht a sigh so deepe,  
as would haue made the hardest hart to weepe.

Now hearing thus this wayfull voyce, at last  
I cast about his person to espie,

## *The woorkes of a young wit.*

And by and by, with looke more halfe agast,  
al skinne and bones, as one at poynt to die,  
This woful wight (me thought) in pitious plight,  
plodding alone, appeared to my sight.

And towarde me (me thought) he drew so neere,  
as I mought plaine ech part of him describe:  
And viewing wel his sad and mournfull cheere,  
with heauie looke, leane face, and hollowe eye:  
With Lathlike legges, and carkas woyn to bones,  
I heard hym fetch ful many greuous groines.

And downe he late vpon a ragged stone,  
and sighd, and sobd, in such a piteous sort:  
As (credit me) of but halfe his mone,  
it were a world, in kinde to make report.  
But to be short, his bitter teares did shewe,  
his heauy hart abode a world of woe.

Well, with this sight in mynde I heauy greue,  
yet heauy so, I thought to go and see,  
What he myght ayle, and yet to tell you true,  
his onely syght had halfe appauled me:  
Yet neerthelesse, with much adoo, at last  
vnto the place whereas he sat, I past.

And coming to the place whereas he sat,  
I spake to him, and tooke him by the hand:  
My friende, quoth I, I pray thee tel me what  
may cause thee thus in such sad plight to stande  
Alas, quoth he againe, with heauy cheere,  
what doo I ayle? sould wretch what doost thou heere?

My seely selfe am dyune by destinie,  
in doleful dumpyes to spend my weery dayes:



In places, boyde of pleasaunt company,  
 Oppre it with griefe, a thousand sundry wayes:  
 But how camst thou vnto this luckelesse land,  
 And to this place where now I see thee stand.

I wayle thy case, but thou wilt wayle it more,  
 ere that thou doest get out hence againe:  
 Heere is no salue to heale the smallest soze,  
 nor any helpe to ease the lyghtest paine:  
 But whosoever heere doth catch a griefe,  
 let him be sure to die without reliefe.

Heere is no comfort for the heauy hart,  
 nor sparke of ioy, to cheere the mourning mynde:  
 Causes enow, to breede an endlesse smart.  
 but healing helpes, but fewe or none to finde.  
 Heere nothing is, but sorrow, care, and griefe,  
 and comfort none, nor hope to finde reliefe.

Aie me (thought I) what kynde of speeche is this,  
 how might I doe, to get me hence againe?  
 With that quod hee, come wretched wyght I wis,  
 thou little knowest as yet (god wor) the paine  
 That thou art lyke, and that ere long to knowe,  
 For thou shalt come into a world of woe.

At which his wordes more halfe amazde in minde,  
 I drouping stood, as one at poynt to dye:  
 And therewithall (me thought) I gan to synde,  
 more inward griefe, then now I can descrie.  
 In which sadde plight as I a whyle byd stande,  
 he rose (me thought) and tooke me by the hande.

And ledde me on, along this penitthe plaine,  
 untill at last we came vnto a hill.

F. i.

And

*I DE WORKES OF A YOUNG WIL.*

*The hill  
of hard  
happes.*  
And there forsoothe, me thoughte we stapede agayne,  
wherewith quoth he, awhile now stape heere still,  
And view the heapes of harmes that day by daye  
doe fall to men, to bynge them to decay.

*he first  
at hap  
was there*  
And there (me thoughte) he shewde me firste a knyght,  
a gallant youthe, and sprung of noble race,  
That went to warres, and beinge foilde in fighte,  
was captiue tane, unto his great disgrace,  
And beinge had, downe streight the hill was ledde,  
bounde hande and foote, and hanginge downe his hedde.

*the se-  
cond jill  
ap scene  
were,*  
Whither hee wente, that shall you know anon,  
For I in order meane eche thinge to shew,  
And therfore well, when this same knyghte was gon,  
there came a sight of rowers on a row,  
Late tane at sea, and there no remedy,  
were brought perforce vpon thre trees to dy.

*the third.*  
They once dispatche, I saw a battel foughte,  
a town was sackte: and man and childe was slaine,  
The weemen there the souldiours besoughte  
to saue their chyldrens liues, but all in vaine:  
They still were slaine, and they that fledde away,  
ranne downe the hill (me thoughte) an other way.

Thus gazing long, I caste mine eyes about  
vpon the hill, (me thoughte) an other way,  
And there (me thoughte) I saw a lusty route  
of gallante youthes, cladde all in riche aray,  
And suddenly (me thoughte) a fray began,  
and one againste an other fiercely ranne.

Anon (me thoughte) one had his eyes thruste out,  
an other losse a legge, and half a hande,

*The*



*THE WOORRES OF A YOUNG WIRE.*

The thirde was shrowely wounded rounde about,  
another losse both legges, and could not stand,  
Some slayne outright, and they that could, away  
ranne downe the hill, and so gan ende the fray.

The four  
sights of  
hard haps

These pouthes thus gonne, (me thought) I saw hard by,  
a table stande, and thereon cardes, and dise:  
To which (me thought) came gallants presently,  
and drew their bagges, and to it with a trise  
Anon (me thought) some chafde lyke men half madde,  
and lost almoste eche crosse of coine they had.

The fifth

And they that thus had lost their coine at playe,  
with heauy harte gan leaue the company,  
And downe the hill, (me thought) they tooke their waye,  
and looking after them, so by and by  
We thought the rest were gon all euery one,  
and Cardes, or Dise, or Tables, there was none.

These men thus gone (me thought) I saw alone,  
a popye man of personage, but poore,  
In heauy plight, goe making piteous mone,  
halfe lyke a man that begde from doore to doore,  
And yet a man might finde well by his face:  
that he was (sure) sprung of no rascall race.

The sixth  
and last  
scene  
there.

Hee lykewise tooke his waye downe streighte the hill,  
ploddinge alone, God wot in heauy plighce,  
But let him goe, as I thus stayed stil,  
me thought it grew somewhat darke towarde night,  
And stayinge so, the wretche that stood by me,  
thus sayde to me: marke heere what thou dost see.

But there, I saw harde happes a thousand moze,  
then heere I can almost well call to minde,

f. ii.

But

**THE WORKES OF A YOUNG WARRIOR**

But with those eyes in hart agrieu'd looke,  
and yet in feare more such sad sightes to finde,  
Amaz'd I stood, as one more halfe agast,  
to see the haps that on that hill had pass.

And standing so, alas my friend, quoth I,  
what doost thou call the name of this same hill:  
Hill of hard hap they call it commonly,  
where none doo come, but sore agaynst their will:  
Thus is it call'd, quoth he, but now (alas)  
thy selfe art lyke along this hill to passe.

And to be shor't, along on still we went,  
and to the hill we onwar'des tooke our way:  
And sure I knowe not what the matter ment,  
but the soote path (me thought) I went in, lay  
Directly so, as he that made such mone,  
crossed the path before me all alone.

Well on we went vpon this haplesse hill,  
vntill at last we came vnto a bale,  
Where I may say, I was agaynst my will:  
for I will tell you the most dolefull tale,  
Of that I saw, that euer any man,  
doubtlesse did see, since first the world began.

First there I saw darke prisons built of stone,  
with yron barres, and boltes, and fetters cold:  
And many a one that made a piteous moene,  
that lay in them (agaynst their wills) in holde.  
Among the rest (alas) a piteous sight,  
me thought I saw the gallant youthfull knight,

That bound, was led along the hill before,  
in dungeon deepe close kept and fettered fast:

Where



Where all in wayne his hay lamenting sore,  
in sobbing sighes his lothsome life he past:  
A piteous sight, belecue me, for to see,  
so braue a yowth in such a state as he.

In other prisons saw I many lye,  
some men for debt, and some for robbery:  
Some men sore sicke, almost at point to dye,  
some begd in holes, in extreame misery:  
And many moe in such a rufull soze,  
as for my lyfe I cannot make reporte.

Second  
sight of  
miseryes.

Now next me thought I saw lame Triples poore,  
that limping went and begd for Christ his sake:  
That had liud well, now begd from doore to doore:  
and few or none, of them would pity take,  
But still they went lamenting of their grieve  
to many one, but could get no reliefe.

Third.

Among the rest, me thought I did espie  
some of those yowthes that fought vpon the hill,  
With wodden legs, and some but with one eie,  
go begging foode, their hungry guts to fill:  
Lamenting there, but God wote all to late,  
their froward hay, and their such wretched state.

Fourth.

But let them be, then saw I more (alas)  
a piteous sight, belecue me, for to see,  
With bitter teares and cries poore women passe,  
more halfe bestraught, along the bale by me:  
And sure me thought the more that they did make,  
with very grieve did make my hart to ake.

Which viewing well, me thought I playne did see,  
the women, that went running from the towne

F.iii.

That

**THE WOORKE OF A YOUNG WIFE.**

That late was sackte, go to and fro by me,  
with sighes and sobbes, and beddes all hanging downe,  
Lamenting soze, but God wot all in bayne,  
the losse of goods, and child, and husband slayne.

Then saw I more some men in wretched state,  
quite manlike, and ill appareled:

That welthy were, and liued at ease of late,  
now had no lodge wherein to hide their head,  
But ragde and coyne, without a coyne or friend,  
in beggers state, were like their liues to end.

Among the which, (me thought) I sawe at last,  
the yowthes that lost their coyne at dise of late,  
Now growne so poore, as had no coyne to wast,  
but begging went, in miserable state:  
A grieuous sight to see such yowthes as they,  
so sodaynly, to fall to such decay.

But let them go, then further saw I next,  
a dolefull sight, and that did grieue me soze:  
Wherein (me thought) I was so soze perplext,  
as nought I saw (me thought) did grieue me more:  
Which sight was this, (me thought) I plaine did see,  
a man alone, come plodding hard by me.

Which man me thought, seemde doubtles to be he,  
that all alone, I saw go downe the hill:  
And this he sayd, ah wretched wretch, (aye me)  
the heauy hart, what will no sorowe kill,  
But shall I thus still pine, in endles woe?  
haue deseries decreed it shalbe so:

What didst thou meane to leaue thy natyue soyle,  
thy landes, and goods, and parents, kith and kin?  
And



*I DE WOOLVES OF A YOUNG WIFE.*

And take in hand this tough and tedious tale,  
and now abide the state that thou art in  
Hath little loue, sonde wretch subdude thee so  
to driue thee into such a world of woe

Yea, luckeles loue hath onely byed my bale,  
the force of loue, perforce hath conquerd me:  
And drume me now, into this dolefull dale,  
where I can yet no kinde of comfort see:  
But here am like, bereft of all delight,  
to end my dayes, in dumpes of deepe despight.

I trauaile here to tire my restless minde,  
that being tirde perforce might fall to rest:  
But here (alas) no place of rest I finde,  
but still must walke, with endles woes oppress:  
Woe may I sigh, and sobbe, and waile, and weepe,  
but waking woes will neuer let me sleepe.

Yet rest I must, there is no remedy,  
but where might I goe seeke a resting place?  
Oh Lo, that I could finde some lodging nye,  
or cotage poore, yea were it nere so base:  
But well I see, since none I here can haue,  
I will goe see, if I can find a caue.

And therewithal, me thought, he went away,  
towards the foot of hard happes hill hard by,  
Whereas a while (me thought) I saw him stay,  
with sighing sobbes lamenting rudely:  
But mourning so, I wote not how anon,  
I lookte aside, and he (me thought) was gon.

Which musing at, of him that was with me,  
me thought I aske whither he might be gon,  
To which he sayde, come on and thou shalt see:  
so I will bying thee to the place anon.

*And*

**THE WOORDES OF A YOUNG WIFE.**

And by and by (ere I was ware) me thought,  
vnto the place hee me directly brought.

Where being come, me thought I gan espie,  
a foule darke hole, full lothsome to beholde:  
Yet nere thelesse we went in presently,  
but being in, me thought it was so colde,  
That all my lymmes, with colde dyd almost quake,  
And euen my hart with very colde dyd ake.

The caue me thought was large, and somewhat rounde,  
made in proportion much lyke a mans head:

The cause  
of care,  
Vnder  
hard hap  
ball.

Where walking long, anon me thought I founde,  
sitting alone, a man almost halfe dead,  
With wrinkled browes, and hollow watry eyes,  
reading a booke in very dolefull wise.

And by and by, me thought, I plaine dyd see,  
the man againe whose sight I late had lost:  
With booke in hande, as heauy as mought be,  
at study close, with carkas lyke a ghost,  
Uttering these woordes, oh curteous care I craue,  
now let me see what lesson I must haue.

Cause.

Wherewith me thought the man with watry eyes,  
and scouling browes that seemde so like a ghost,  
Can take a booke, and when in wailfull wyle,  
a thousand leaues he to and fro had tolt:  
He answered this, no lesson heere I finde,  
in this distresse, that may releue thy minde.

With that me thought the rose, andooke his waye,  
within the caue, but whyther, let that passe:  
And of the rest that in the caue did lye,  
let me say somewhat, of their fate alas:

Some



## *The woorkes of a young wit.*

25.

Some proper yowthes, and some faire gallante Dames,  
which well I knew, but now forget their names.

To these poore soules this man half like a ghost,  
who as I learnde by name was called Care,  
Can lessons reede, of which I thinke the most  
were, of the braine the vertues to declare:  
Which whom they serude out of the caue they ran,  
the rest gan follow all, the wofull man

The booke  
of Care

That wente before along this wretched caue,  
tormented sore in great and deepe distresse:  
And soughte in vaine the thinge he could not haue  
vnto his grief to finde some sweete redresse,  
But where think you, they founde him at the laste:  
where all good hope of comforte quite was paste.

Sittinge (alas) vpon a soyr seate  
by a poore soule close by a smoky fire  
And nether crumme of eyther bread or meate  
they had (alas) nor oughte they did desire:  
But weepinge sat with sighes and sobbes soo deepe,  
as woulde haue made a stony harte to weepe.

Seate of sor-  
rowe in  
caue of  
care vnder  
hard haps  
hit.

Upon which seate in letters faire to reede  
was writen this in bale of miserie:  
In caue of care, a dolefull denne in deepe,  
is sorowes seate, and that vile wretche am I.  
And that was he, righte ouer there whose hedde  
did stand this solemne sentence, to be reede.

Well on this seate they sat all downe anon,  
and I (me thoughte) sat downe among the rest.  
But (credite me) desirous to be gon  
I felte my harte with grief so sore opprest:

C. i.

Am opprest  
with sor-  
rowe

But

## *The woorkes of a young wit.*

But credite me, desirous to be gon,  
I felte my harte, with grief so sore oppresse.  
But what of that? I coulde not as I woulde,  
and therefore there muste hyde still, as I coulde.

And sitting there, it were a worlde to tell,  
the sundry sorts of sorowes I did see:  
Sundry  
sorowes. But credite me, if that there be a hell,  
doubteles I thinke that it, if any be  
Suche, and so many were the sorowes there,  
as sure the lyke are to be seene no where.

There saw I some, to teare their fleshe for grief,  
some spgh, and sobbe, some beating of their breste,  
Some crying out, for some sparke of relief,  
some more half dead, and not one man at rest,  
For dyuerse causes, some for losse of loue,  
and they were worse, that suche sore panges did proue.

Some did in vaine the losse of friendes lamente,  
some losse of Lands, some husbände, and some wyfe,  
Some of the welch that they in wast had spente,  
and euery man quyte wery of his lyfe.  
But those that wayld theyr losse of loue, alas,  
of all the panges (me thought) yet they did passe.

For one of them that lost theyr ladies loue,  
in Jewels ware theyr Op'ris Counterfeate  
The sight whereof suche sodeine grief did moue,  
as though before, his grief was very great,  
And suche in deede as did tormente him sore,  
yet sight of that, did make it ten tymes more.

Some other thought vpon their luckeles loue,  
and then with teares would sigh, in piteous soye,

And



*I DE WOORDES OF A YOUNG WIL,*

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And diuerse wayes such sodayne panges did proue,  
as for my life I cannot make repoyte:  
I want the skill to set out halfe in kinde,  
the sundry sorowes, that I there did finde.

But this I say, I thinke there is no paine,  
no kind of grieve of body nor of minde,  
No secret pange, but there appeareth playne,  
and euery man, that cometh there may finde:  
And as I said, so now I say againe,  
the panges of loue doo breede the greatest paine.

The greatest  
sorrow  
griefe of  
loue.

Well, sitting thus, asbe I cast mine eye,  
and there me thought, I saw a dungeon deepe,  
And on the wall, was written but hard by,  
this is the dungeon, that despayre dooth keepe:  
Who cometh heere, till death shall pine in paine,  
and once come in, gettes neuer out agayne.

Dungeon  
of De-  
spaire.  
Once in

And therewithall, a doore was opened,  
and one or two went in there presently,  
But hauing scarcely well put in their hedde,  
they wounding their handes, and made a piteous crye,  
And sodaynely, did such a shrieking make,  
as made me start, and therewithall awake.

And then awake I gan to call to minde,  
this vision strange, that thus appearde to me:  
The effect of which, who so could iustly finde,  
I doo not doubt some matter rare should see:  
And thus I end, when worldly woes are past,  
God send vs all the ioyes of heaume at last.  
Finis.

Sodayne  
waking.

**T**his dolefull discourse, of this drownye dreame  
beyng fynished, my *Muse* that left me ouer nyght,  
came

G. II.

*The woorkes of a young wit.*

came to me agayne, and brought to my mynde the delicate Lady whom I tooke view of in a Garden, of which Garden (for her sake,) I wrote my mynde at my comming to my lodging, as before my dreame dooth here appeare: the remembrance of whose heavenly hiew, with perfect proportion of eche parte from top to toe, with most rare inward vertues (greatly gessed and almost playnly perceiued by outward countenance) set me of the sodayne in such a perplexitie, as more halfe in a maze, my *Muse* wild me presently to write thus madly of my passion as you see, which was as followeth.

**VV**hat hap so hard, as lucklesse lottes of loue:  
what irkesome tyme, to louers dolefull dayes?  
What griping griefes, to pangs that louers proue?  
what trauayle tough, to louers weary wayes?  
What dolefull doome, to louers froward fate?  
what lothsome lyfe, to wretched louers state?

Lo, such a lyfe leade I, though gaynst my will,  
I lye quoth I, no no, I dye, I dye:  
I dye quoth I, no no, I lye still, still.  
I dying lye, that wretched lyfe leade I,  
I loth the dayes that thus in dole I spend:  
and yet agayne not with them at an end.

Yet could I wish my sorrow some redresse,  
and would be glad that all my dole were donne:  
But would not wish my lyfe one halfe houre lesse:  
though all my griefes were yet anewe begonne.  
For onely loue hath bred me this vnrest,  
and I of force must yeeld vnto his best.

By lpyking first did breede my lucklesse loue,  
and loue agayne hath bred my malady,  
By malady dooth breede the pangs I proue,  
the pangs I proue doo finde no remedy.



Yet must I live, and may not with to dy,  
to end my griefes, Oh what a life leade I:  
Finis.

¶ A dialogue betweene a louer, an his beloued.

The louer to his Lady.

If due desertes may reape desires,  
good madam, graunt me my reward:  
If reason peeld, that right requires,  
then let my suite at last be hard:  
If neither these will serue, why than,  
for pitties sake heare a poore man.

Her aunswere.

Desertes (be sure) will reape desire,  
if you of me deserue reward,  
What reasonably you will require,  
I am content, you shalbe hard:  
And last of all, for pitties sake,  
lets see, I pray, what mone you make.

The louer to his Lady.

The thing good Lady I desire,  
is fauour yours, which I deserue,  
The thing by reason I require,  
is due reward to those that serue:  
The thing for pitties sake I craue,  
is comfort to my griefe to haue.

Her aunswere.

My fauour that you so desire,  
I cannot see how you deserue:  
G. ill.

He doth

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*A DE WOORRES OF A YOUNG WIT.*

He dooth my reason yet require,  
that all should haue reward that serue:  
He yet thy sicknesse such I see,  
as should me moue to pity thee.

His reply.

Let pity then regard procure,  
where is at al no due desart,  
And lend some comfort, for to cure  
the sicke, that pines in secret smart:  
And then will reason iustly say,  
that you are noble euery way.

Her aunswere.

No sir, reason dooth giue, you say,  
of right, reward to due desart,  
Then if that you can shoue some way,  
for to deserue some ease of smart,  
Doubt not, but pitie will procure  
some kinde of salue, your soze to cure.

His reply.

I thinke good Lady I deserue,  
in that in deede I doo desire:  
And if the pooze man that dooth serue,  
by reason may reward require,  
Then both by reason, and desart,  
I may craue pitie for my part.

Her aunswere.

In that you doo in deede desire,  
your truth is for to be regarded:

And



And reason lyke wise doth require,  
that scrupce true, shoulde be rewarded,  
And pity sayth, the poorest man  
must be reliev'd, now and then.

His reply.

In humble wise, then I desire,  
regarde my truth, rewarde the same,  
Let humble reason eke require  
your favour so deserude, faire Dame,  
And pity me poore man God woe,  
that liues (alas) but toiech not.

Her Answer, and so an ende.

Then thus I graunte thee thy desire,  
my favour friendly, what I may,  
But if that further you require,  
by reason I muste say you nay,  
Till pity moue me to regarde,  
to giue a poore man his rewarde.

Finis.

Now this Gentleman one day standing in a greate muze  
of his Mystris, and in a straunge perplexity for the loue  
of her, sodeinly starte oute of his study, and beyng  
alone in his Chamber, tooke Pen and Incke and Pa-  
per, and in halfe a madde moode, wrote vpon the  
state of louers: which I (hauing some acquaintaunce  
with hym) one daye comming in to his Chamber  
founde lyng in his window, which hauing read ouer, I  
bare in mynde as I coulde, yet hauyng almoste for-  
gotten it, my *Muse* brought it agayne to my remem-  
braunce, and made me wryte as foloweth: which  
though

# The workes of a young wit.

though it were imperfect, and not full finished, yet for that it somewhat likde me, I haue heere placed it with other imperfections.

**O** bitter bale that wretched louers bide,  
 now well, now ill, now hy, now downe agayne:  
 Now clime, now fall, now stand, now backwarde slide,  
 now ioye with hope, now faynt with feare againe:  
 Now smile, now sigh, now sing, now seeme to crye,  
 now well in health, now sicke, now liue, now dye.

And as their ioyes by diuers meanes arise,  
 euen so their griefes, of sundry causes growe:  
 Some ioye to gaze vpon their Ladies eyes,  
 and thinke in deede, they make a heauely showe,  
 Some more doo marke the feature of their face,  
 some most will view her comely gallant grace.

Some greatly note the colour of her beare,  
 some view her body, some her hart, some arme:  
 Some legge, some foote, and some looke euery where,  
 but how now soft, why sayest I meane no harme:  
 I doo but speake of louers day delpyght,  
 for in the darke, you know there is no syght.

Now as their ioyes, so see what sorowes spring,  
 euen of those things that wrought the hartes delight,  
 First from the eyes, which as to some they bring  
 a heauely ioye, so breed they others spight,  
 For all one face, can as wel laugh as lowe,  
 by which such lookes, it yeeldes both sweete and sobwe.

For prooffe (alas) my seely selfe I knowe,  
 a smiling looke dooth much my hart reuiue:  
 And let me see my Lady knit her brow,  
 that frowne my hart into despayre dooth dye.

Thus



Thus to be briebe, my mystris only eye,  
may make the meane to make me liue or dye.  
Finis .

Not long after he had written these verses, his Mystris vpon a coy conceit, began to frowne on him, and giue him very euill countenance, which he perceyuing, made many meanes to moue her to pity, but when nothing would serue his turne, he in great griefe one day sytting alone in his Chamber, wrote in lamenting verse these lines following, which being my chance to read, my *Muse* brought me now in remembrance of, and wild me to write as foloweth.

**I**f wailfull woordes myght any pity mooue,  
or sighes, or sobbes, or dayly bitter teares:  
Then myght my bale betray to my behooue,  
the wretched state, wherein my lyfe it weares:  
But what will me preuaile to shewe my griefe:  
when I am sure to dye without reliefe.

For peeuish pride possesseth pityes place,  
and rigor rules where sweete remorse did raygne:  
Disdayne is growne so great with beaulties grace,  
that humble sure can now no fauour gayne:  
A froward change (more pitie) God he knowes,  
that gentle dames should growe such stately shrowes.

But since the worlde is growne to such a passe,  
that courtesie is chaungd to crueltie,  
And malice lurkes where open meckenes was,  
and frownes doo stand for friendly amitie:  
I must (aye me) perforce content remaine,  
untill the world doo change anewe agayne.

O els, be sure to keepe my selfe aloofe,  
where Bullet shot of big lookes flee I see:  
H.i.

*The woorkes of a young wil.*

My armour make of patience of prooffe,  
to breake their force that may happe light on mee.  
And when I see that all the shot are past,  
then live in hope, that thee will yeeld at last.

Finis.

¶ Not many dayes after, this youth languishing dayly, for lacke of his Mistris loue, willing to let his Mistris vnderstand of the woe he abode, and daylye lyude in for her sake: One daye in Verse he wrote his mynde vnto her, And founde meanes to delyuer it vnto her. Which how shee receiude or requited, I must not reueale, let it suffice that I onelys came by the Verses, and that fryendlye I lende them you to reade, which are these that followe.

**B**ehold I craue of noble Dame no feigned painted tale,  
but read in deede a true discourse of the most bitter bale,  
That euer any man abode, since first the world began,  
which wretched state, (alas) is mine, and I that woful  
I can not shewe in kinde the summe of all my smart, (man.  
no pen can paint, nor tongue can tell the tormentes of my hart,  
No hart almost can thinke, nor mynd conceaue but mine,  
how there should growe such passing pangs as those wherein  
But my pooze hart doth feelee, & minde conceaues to wel, (I pine,  
although my tongue doth want the skill in order how to tell,  
Yet thus much I can saye, no bale but I abide,  
no pleasure that in all the world, but is to me deuide,  
And if aboue all griefes, a secret grieve there be,  
that restes in one odde man alone, that sure doth rest in me:  
And so to shewe good prooffe that it must needes be so,  
my wretched state may witness well, in me a world of woe:  
The daies I passe in dumps, in doleful dreames the nightes,  
eche minute of an houre, in mone, quite voyde of al delighes,  
My heauy hart is fursht with sorrow so oppress,  
as neuer restes, but beates, and throbbes within my woful brest.  
And.



And when in minde I tolle the tormentes of my harte,  
 I sigh, I sobbe, I waile, and weepe, and so augment my smart:  
 And mourning dayly thus, my brayne distempers so,  
 as makes me hang euen like a logge my hedde, whereas I goe:  
 Mine eyes with shedding teares growe hollowe in my hedde:  
 my flesh is false, skin grown to bones, & like a man halfe dead,  
 I still consume with care, and thus quite woone with woe,  
 I linger furth a lothsome life, the Lord of heaue both knowe:  
 What shall I say? my hart is so oppress'd with griefe,  
 as all the pleasures in this world can lende me no reliefe,  
 Hauing onely one (alas) which one, I feare will see,  
 me die for sorrow for her sake, ere shee wil pittie me:  
 Alas what haue I sayd, and is it then a shee?  
 yea sure it is, now iudge your selfe what shee this shee may  
 But what hard hart had shee that sawe my sorrow such, (be:  
 and could relieue me in this case, & her good will would grutch?  
 Beleeue me now I vowe, thou art that onely shee,  
 who wrought my woe, and in my woe can onely comfort me:  
 Yea thou deere dame art she, for whom such thought I take,  
 and for the want of thy sweete loue it is such mone I make.  
 Be not then hard of hart, but some sweete comfort lend,  
 vnto this heauy hart of mine, whose life is neere at end:  
 That I may iustly say in hart yet before I die,  
 I found a friend of noble mind, in mine extremitie.  
 And if it be my happe to liue, oh noble dame,  
 the I may say, thou sauest my life, for sure thou dost the same.  
 Consider of my case, and when you see me next,  
 some signe of comfort shew to him, that is thus sore perplext.  
 Untill which time deere dame, and till last gaspe of breath:  
 farewell fro him who lookes fro thee, for cause of life or death.  
 In hast God send good speed, from me thy seruant true,  
 receiue these lamentable lines, and so sweete soule adue.  
 By him who rests, at thy reliefe,  
 to liue in ioy, or pine in griefe.  
 Finis.

THE BOOKES OF A YOUNG WIT.

**N**OW I am sure you thinke the man was in a marvellous taking when he wrote, and doubtes so he was, and so let him be, til God send him better hap by desert to get sauior of his Distres, or presente death, too ridde him out of his perplexities: for I am sure, that he woulde rather wishe for, then long to remaine in the wretched state that now he every way stands in. But since my wishes can neyther doe him good, nor he him selfe can finde no meanes too get ease of grieve, I refer him to the helpe of God, who can helpe every man that trusteth in him, and praieth for his helpe: and so, letting him reste in his perplexity, till God only cende him deliuerance, I leaue to write now any further of him or his passions.

Finis.

C A pretty tale with the Morall vpon the same.

A Preface.

**I**N fayned tales a man somtyme may finde,  
in secret sorte some pretty matter mente:  
Which meanings oft when they are founde in kinde,  
they bzeede too some, yea many mynds contente,  
For prooffe whereof, my selfe a tale will tell,  
I read of late, that likte me very well.

C The Tale.

**A** Scoute strong Oke, grue by a riuer side:  
by which harde by, there grue a weake small reeder:  
The stately Oke, full puffed by which pride,  
disbaird to stande so neere so weake a weede.  
And in olde tyme, when trees, and stones coulde speake,  
thus to the reede hee gan his stomacke bzeake.

Thou



Thou peruist thing, and apitche wretch (quoth hee)  
 What doost thee heere? such neighbours I disdain,  
 Which too and froo, thus tossed still I see,  
 As euery wane woulde seeme too rende in twaine.  
 I see right well, thou arte to base of minde,  
 To stoupe so low, at euery puffle of winde.

The simple reede still wagging to and fro,  
 Gan aunswere thus, ah gallant sy: quoth hee:  
 None of vs bothe our endes (as yet) doe know,  
 You may in tyme, come lye along by me:  
 Contente your selfe, I pray you let me stande  
 With in your ditche, I trouble not your lande.

Contending thus, a sodeine tempest came,  
 And to be shorte, downe fell this lusty tree:  
 The litle reede beholding of the same,  
 Alas Good sy: what doe you heere quoth hee?  
 Of all your strengthe, what may now becommme?  
 To which the Oke coulde aunswere nought, but numme.

His harte was burste, and there starke dead hee lay,  
 The reede he liude, and grue there gallant still,  
 The Oke so burst, the Landlorde bare away,  
 And then the reede had all the worlde at will,  
 Untill with age he grue so very dy,  
 That sappe did wante, and then he needs must dy.

And farewell he, and so the tale did ende,  
 Which though in deede, a fayned toy it was,  
 Yet he that marks, whereto the same dothe tend,  
 May finde Twis, that simple soules alas,  
 Doe hold by hedde, when gallant sy: doth fall,  
 And breaks perhaps, both hedde, and hart, and all.

Finis.

H. III.

An

● An other pretty Tale of a Pygeon, and an Ante, with the Morall vpon the same.

**A** Dove sometyme did sit vpon a tree,  
which grew, by chaunce, hard by a water spring,  
Where pretty foole, as Pygeons natures (be)  
shee prying sat, and pecking of her wing,  
And being faire, w'en all her worke was done,  
shee cooing sat, with breste agaynst the sonne.

But ere shee slepte, about shee gan to pry,  
for feare some foe woulde bide her to a feast,  
And prying so, downe righte shee cast her eye,  
and there shee saw a pretty litle beast,  
By frowarde happe, but howe I can not tell,  
a litle Ante into the water fel:

And there was lyke in danger deepe to drowne,  
which when the dove, a litle while behelde,  
A litle twigge, by chaunce shee brake her downe,  
to clyme the banke, some helpe thereby to yeelde:  
And by good happe, but with a litle payne,  
it serued so well, as helpe her out agayne.

Then slepte the dove, the ante shee crepte about,  
and dryde her selfe, agaynst the glosyng sonne,  
But suddenly, see what a chaunce fell out,  
a fouler lo, to set his nets begonne,  
To catche the dove, that sat vpon the tree:  
which when the Ante, the pretty wretche did see,

Shee slyly crepte into the Foulers shoe  
and there, so harde shee bit him by the heele,  
As hee in rage not knowing what too doe,  
the snarte was such, that he thereby did feele,

as hee



As hee there with his engynes gan let fall,  
and so both lost his labour, cost, and all.

For with the noise the pigeon gan awake,  
and so awake, the fouler did describe,  
And so describe, her flighte away did take,  
and so by happe, did save her selfe thereby:  
The Antie againe shee slyly crept away,  
into the grasse, where hidde from hurte shee lay.

Finis.

### The Morall.

**N** Do see, what matter this old toie conceines,  
twixt beastes and birds, behold what thankfull minde,  
And yet twixt men, ungratefull some remaines,  
yea mooste perhaps, where they mooste good doe finde:  
Which proues, (me thinkes) a pittie not the leaste,  
to see a man worse naturde then a beaste.

**I** An odde gretinge, and as madde a wooing betweene  
a clowne of the country, and his sweete harte. Whose  
names were *Simon* and *Susan*. *Simon* overtaking his fore-  
said sweete *Susan*, hauing some former acquaintance  
with her, and yet not all so frolyke, as to clappe her on  
the lippse in a cold morninge after the country fashion,  
wente cunningly as he durst to worke with her: salu-  
ting her with some friendly speeche, which shee as hand-  
somy answered. The wordes betweene them were these  
that folow: I laught at them hartely when I hearde  
them, and I persuaide my selfe, that some that reade  
this recorde of them, will smile a litle at it, be they  
neuer so solemne. I pende them for myne owne plea-  
sure. I hope they will displease none, who lykes not  
the reading of it, turne over the leafe, and you  
shall

shall finde somewhat els to your contentmente. Well, to the matter, though women are comonly full of tounge, and ready of speeche, yet when they ar wooed, they muste be firste spoken to, or els they will condemne their woer for a foole: and therefore *Simon* hauing on his considering cappe, although not a man of the greatest capacity, yet as his audacity serued him, he boldly brake forth into this salutation.

- Simon.* Faire maide well ouertane, what: whyther now so fast?  
*Suf.* To market *Sim.* tis nyne a clocke, had not I need make hast?  
*Sim.* But softe fire makes sweet malte, iusth you take to much payn.  
*Suf.* The world is hard, they must take pain that look for any gaine.  
*Sim.* Well saide, but what: me thinks you giue to thriue to soone.  
*Suf.* Who lies in bedde till Dinner tyme, gaines litle after noone.  
*Sim.* Why then betymes is best eche matter to begiune.  
*Suf.* Who letteche slippe conuenient tyme, is litle like to winne:  
*Sim.* Oh but how shoulde one finde that same conueniente tyme?  
*Suf.* Why tis no more, but taking May, while it is in the prime.  
*Sim.* May growes on euery bushe, and Tyme is common too.  
*Suf.* But that May is not worth a rushe: that Tyme will litle doo.  
*Sim.* Why what, are there moe Mayes: and moe tymes to the one?  
*Suf.* So I haue hearde, but for my self, sure I can tell of none.  
*Sim.* I pray thee, tell me *Suf.* what tymes and Mayes they be?  
*Suf.* I tolde thee once: I know them not, then aske no more of me.  
*Sim.* Yet one thing woulde I craue, if that with leaue I may:  
*Suf.* I am content too aunswere you, so that no harme you say.  
*Sim.* If that my woordes offende, think them against my will.  
*Suf.* Thē be aduise before you speak, els kepe your words in stil.  
*Sim.* I may think to speake well, yet may be tane amisse,  
*Suf.* Speak plain, and I wil take you right, in dark speeche doubt  
*Sim.* Yet plainenes: now a dayes is counted patchery. (there is  
*Suf.* Yet plainenes with plain folkes is best, as sicke as you, & I.  
*Sim.* Then plainly let me know: what meanes that May in prime.  
*Suf.* I tolde you once, it is no more, but taking tyme in tyme.  
*Sim.* In deede tyme wpsely tane, brings many thinges to passe.  
*Suf.*



Suf. Then who doth loofe conuenient time, may wel be thought an afle.  
 Sim. How happy is that man whom time doth ferue a right?  
 Suf. And he whom no time fely ferues, vnhappy is that wight.  
 Sim. Fortune is friend to fooles, and wife men haue ill happe.  
 Suf. But wife men warily wil watch, to fit in fortunes lappe.  
 Sim. Some men may watch and waite, yet nere a whit the nere.  
 Suf. Who lies and fleepes in fowing time, fhall reape fmal gaine that  
 Sim. And yet who fowes too loone, at reaping will repent. (yere.  
 Suf. Better too loone yet then too late, when all the yere is fpend.  
 Sim. The grayne that firft is fowne, I crow be called Rye.  
 Suf. But knauifh weedes fo choke that corne, it pꝛoues but trompery.  
 Sim. What fay you then of Otes: they muft be lateft fowne.  
 Suf. But fome will fowe them firft of all, and mowe them fcarce halfe  
 Sim. Wel, but Otes fowne in time, wil pꝛoue a pꝛety graine. (growne.  
 Suf. But who doth feeke to fowe wild Otes, fhall reape but little gaine.  
 Sim. In deepe I thinke wilde Otes, are fcarcelly woorth the mowing.  
 Suf. And yet I fee young hufbandinen, doo thinke them woorth the fow.  
 Sim. Among good Otes perhaps they fowe fome now and then. (ing.  
 Suf. But who doth fow the good with badde, is no good hufbandman.  
 Sim. Perhappes too vnawares, they fow fome heere and there.  
 Suf. How they are fowne I know not, but they come by euery where.  
 Sim. When they are fowne with Rye, they rankeft growe in deepe.  
 Suf. Well it is pꝛety for to fowe fuch trafhe, among good feede.  
 Sim. Why: then is Rye good corne? Suf. Yea, if it be right graine.  
 Sim. If otherwife what then? Suf. Why then, I eate my word agayne.  
 Suf. But goe to Sim. in fayth me thinkes I fmell a Rat.  
 Sim. A Rat my wench, I pray thee fay, what doeft thou meane by that.  
 Suf. Nay foftly Sim. a while, I leane you that to gelle.  
 Sim. I gelle thee an vnhappy Gidle, and thou wilt pꝛoue no leffe.  
 Suf. Why I thanke God, I had no great il happe of late.  
 Sim. Goe to I fay, I fee it wis, thou haft a fhewifhe pate.  
 Suf. You gelle me by your felfe, I am contente to beare it.  
 Sim. Beare it good Suf, yea and moze to then this, I no whit feare it.  
 Suf. How meane you bearing Sim. although I beare with you,  
 yet will I beare no moze then needes, with none I tell you true.  
 Sim. No reason, marry wench, you are my friend I fee.

*A DE WORKES OF A YOUNG WIT.*

that hauing been so bolde with you, that you will beare with me,

Suf. Think not I am your foe, and though I be a thow,  
a thow is better then a sheepe, you will confesse I trow.

Sim. Suche gentill showes as you, are to be bozne withal.

Suf. You neuer tryde my showithnes, Sim. but yet I gesse it small.

Suf. I hearde my father once say, sittinge at his Table,  
a thow profitable, might serue a man reasonable.

Sim. Wel sayd Suf. for your self, but leauing of your self,  
will you a matter aunswere, that I woulde of you request?

Suf. Yea Sim. that I will. Sim. then. Susan let me know

Si. What thou doest meane, I pray thee now to say, that such a thow  
as profit brings, might any man of reason well content,  
what ere your fathers words did meane, would I knew what you

Suf. I meane playn as I sayd, suche showes as profit bring, (mente.  
may men of reason well content, I ment none other thing.

Sim. Yes Suf. if I were sure, I mought no whit offende, (tende.  
I could perhaps giue a showde gesse whereto your words doo

Suf. Why Simon say thy minde, I freely giue thee leaue. (ceate:

Sim. Why then my wenche, I tel thee playn, I thus muche doo con-  
I am, as wel thou knowst, my fathers only sonne, (ronne,

thou knowest agayne, how madly I my youthfull rare haue  
and now I thinke thou seest, how I begimme to thypue,

and thypuing now you may suspecte, that I woulde seeke to wyue:  
and seeking now to wyue, I better were to chuse,

a showish wench, then sheepish slut, which reason woulde refuse.

Suf. In deede you misse not muche, for hee that well doth know  
the differēce twixt showes & sheepe, will chuse the womā thow.

Sim. Yet I haue herde some say, that both in charge doo keepe,  
they founde more ease, and profite to, by keeppng of theyr sheepe.

Suf. But take my meaning right, and I can easely show,  
how that a sheepe can not compare in goodnes with a thow.

Sim. I pray thee say thy minde, that reason woulde I see: (better be.  
twixt showes & sheepe, to make plain proof, that shows shoulde

Suf. Then Simon marke my wordes, a showe may haue a face,  
as faire as sheepe, and fairer too, and beare as good a grace.

Sim. Yet some will say that showes, are long chinde, & sharp nosbe,  
and



and froward frowning marres their face, whē they are ill disposd. 74  
 Sul. But frownes are quickly gon: when fulleine skouling sheepe  
 wil pout and swel, and in their mynds will malice longer keepe,  
 Sim. No: sheepe are kinde of hart, who rather seeme to dye,  
 to haue unkindnes offerd them, then skoule so fulleinly.  
 Sul. Yea, some I thinke in deede, put finger in the eye,  
 to counterfeite good nature so, somtyme without cause why.  
 Sim. Yea say you so, in deede, haue women such odde shifts:  
 Sul. Yea men and women both, somtyme doo ble deceitful shifts.  
 But as I sayd of shrowes, although they frowne a while,  
 yet by and by their anger pass, they will as kindly smile.  
 Sim. In deede Sul. fulleine sheepe are wooyle then any shrowes,  
 but of the two if one must chuse, the choice is hard God knowes,  
 Yet wenche I pray thee, on some other reason shoue,  
 to shewe the badnes of a sheepe, and goodnes of a shrowe.  
 Sul. Why? Shrowes will saue a sheepe, and gayn perhaps a Hog,  
 when sheepe can scarcely saue themselves, without the shepherds  
 Sim. Sheepe doo nought but giue suck vnto the litle Lamme, (Dog  
 and if she be a lambe her selfe, then shee must after damme.  
 and if shee be well kept, perhaps shee will seeme fayre,  
 but if shee fall a litle sicke, her beautie soone will payre.  
 Besides, they subiect are to many sicknesses,  
 the cough, the rot, and many mo too tedious to expresse,  
 and if they fall once sicke, what cost with phisicke then?  
 such cost, as if they lye long sicke, vndoeth many men.  
 And yet when all is donne, the peeuisch hieldding dye,  
 and then must mourne, for loosyng of a foolish harlotrye.  
 Sul. When shrowes can tend the sheepe, and looke vnto the lambe,  
 and now and then as duetie wils, they wil vnto the damme,  
 and when they finde them selues or sicke or yll at ease,  
 a pynte of Salmesley phisicke is, that cureth their disease.  
 a cuppe of ale and graynes, a posset of good sacke,  
 will make them mery at the hart, and strengthen wel the backe,  
 and more halfe dead to day, to morrow by agayne,  
 about the house, as mery as if they had forgot the payne:  
 not pilling like a peate, that if her finger ake,

Al.

unt.

Must haue her dinner in her bedde with a white buttarde Cake,  
And for a semnighthes space, keepe her bedde euery day,  
And so doo spend her husbundes thurst, and take no care which way,  
And when shee comes abroade, goe puling vp and downe,  
Husband in sayth I am not wel, when make you vp n y Colne?  
Shall I goe like proude euery day, and Sondaies in the same?  
Good Sim. if you serue me so you are too much too blame.  
And thus gay geere is all, they set their mindes bypon:  
But thinke not how the worlde will goe, when coyne is spent & gon:  
Now many other things, I could as easely shew,  
To proue a sheepe may not compare in goodnes with a shrow.

Sim. Veri lady Sus. well sayd, thy reasons well approue  
Commobious shrowes, far more then sheepe doe iustly merite loue:  
And wert thou such a shrowe, as so wouldst saue a sheepe,  
I soone would wishe my selfe the charge, so good a shrow to keepe.

Sus. If, and, or, but, and such, are woordes for Lawyers fit:  
Who will not venter at a marke, is neuer like to hit.  
Of women sheepe from shrowes are hard to be espyde:  
What thing can yet secretly be knowne, till it be thoroughly tryde.

Sim. Nought venter nothing haue, in deede so some will say,  
But some in ventring oft to farre, doo woork their owne decay:  
And he that takes in hand to venter on a wife,  
Is like to gapne, by ventring so, a woe or ioyfull life:  
Now then ere a man chuse, he had neede well to know  
The disposition of his wife, if shee be sheepe or shrowe.  
But to the purpose Su. that first I ment to say,  
And that which was the only cause, that made me come this way:  
For to be playne, is this, be thou or sheepe or shrowe,  
A sheepe thou art not out of doubt, nor greatly shrowe I croue.  
This is my minde my wenche, now I would seeke to thine,  
And that I thinke no man can doo, bulesse he seeke to mine,  
And hauing now desire to wedde, and take to wyfe a wife,  
With whom to liue bypon myne owne, and leade an honest life,  
And yet not hauing set my loue on any one,  
Mine owne good Susan, now that we be both here all alone,  
I pray thee tell me now, coulde such a shrow as thou,  
Content thy selfe with such a sheepe as I, how sayst thou now?

A sheepe,



Sus. A sheepe, nay by the Roode, I rather would haue giue  
 you, more a Hog like, then a sheepe: But touching your request,  
 I thus doo answere you: it lyeth not in my hand:  
 What pleasech God, I must of force with that contented stand.  
 And if you can content your selfe to match with me,  
 I doo not thinke a matter small should make vs disagree.  
 Sim. Giue me thy hand of that. Sus. Nay soft, bar handes I pray,  
 Sim. No hand: why then, I see we shall no bargayne make to day.  
 Sus. Bargayne: why no. Sim. soft, what bargayne should we make?  
 I haue no ware for you, I must at market mony take.  
 Sim. Yet would I cope with you for some ware that you haue,  
 that you will not at market sell. But pray thee let me craue,  
 thus much yet at thy handes, thou wilt not angry be,  
 what ere I say, for in good sooth, I doo but iest with thee.  
 Sus. Then if you doo but iest, it may be as you say,  
 we are not like as I doo thinke, to bargayne sure to day.  
 Sim. Tush Susan you take me wrong, I sweare vnsaignedly,  
 giue me thy hand, and we will make a bargayne by and by.  
 Sus. Oh Sim. I say barre handes, lets heare the matter first,  
 For some I know with wrynging handes, their giuing handes haue curst,  
 But say your mynde, and then I will contented stand,  
 if that I like the bargaine well, to let thee haue my hand.  
 Sim. Then bargayne we or not, the matter wench is this:  
 I sayne would haue thee for my wyfe: what, shall I hit or misse?  
 If well thou canst content thy selfe to match with me,  
 giue me thy hand and heere is mine, and we wil soone agree.  
 Sus. Sayst thou so Sim? Content. Here hold and haue my hand.  
 Sim. A bargayne then. Sus. Ryght willingly I doo contented stand,  
 Sus. Let vs to market then, there shall I meete my Neame,  
 about eleuen a clocke lets meete, and eate a messe of Creame.  
 At the old Sarlins head be chere and stay for mee,  
 by then my market will be doone, and I wil come to thee.  
 Sim. Contented wench, and bring thy brother to,  
 we will be mery, and will haue a quart of wine or two.  
 A messe of Serwaberies, and Cherries, and good cheare,  
 and so farewell, tis forwarde dries the flocke strikes nung I heare.

Thus parted Sim and Su. to market goes the mayde,  
 to Tauerne goes my gentle Sim. who holdes him well apayd,  
 that he hath got Sul. hand, the bargayne now is made,  
 A coltish Iacke shall wedded be, vnto a skittish Iade.  
 in fildoe the handes were giue, in Tauerne now shall be  
 the match made vp, now who were there some pety sport should  
 So farewell to them both, the bargayne is begun, (see.  
 God send such shrowes such sheepe as he, and so my tale is dun.

Finis.

**C**A gentleman being of late at an odde banquet, where were  
 diuers women of diuers dispositions, and being serued in  
 at the table diuers comfits of sundry sorts, being come home  
 from the supper to his owne lodging, sitting alone in his  
 chamber, hee compared the women with the comfits, in  
 verse as followeth.

**N**ot long agoe as I at supper sat,  
 whereas in deede I had exceeding cheere,  
 In order serued, with choyce of this and that:  
 with flaggons filld with wine, and ale, & beere,  
 I did behold, that well set out the rest,  
 a troupe of dames, in bzaue arraye addrest.

Great was our cheare, yet supper being done,  
 to furnish furth the table new agayne,  
 Of sundry sortes a banquet new begonne:  
 of Apples, Peares, Marmilade, and Marchpayne,  
 Sucker, sugarde Almondes, and candied Plummes:  
 with many other pety diledummes.

And marking well ech pety daynty dish,  
 of comfittes sweete I gan great store behold:  
 For which I saw how many gan to fiske,  
 and at the last, I was my selfe so bold,



Of every sort to take by two or three,  
which from the boozie I bare away with me,

Now let the Comfittes in my pocket rest,  
and let me view the company a while:  
Of women kinde, whose view did like me best,  
how some could frowne, and other sweetly smile:  
Some could looke coy, in halfe a skornefull wise,  
and some would stare, and some looke under eyes,

Some by sharpe nose would seeme to be a shrow,  
and some more halfe a sheepe by countenance;  
Some fullaine seemde, by looking downe to lowe,  
some gentle seemde, by casting friendly glaunce,  
Some seemed proude, by looking too too hye,  
and some, would cast on all a friendly eye,

Now gan I gesse by outward countenance,  
the disposition of eche deinty dame,  
And though perhappes I missed some by chance,  
I hit some right, I doo not doubt the same:  
But shall I tell of eche one what I gess,  
noie, for why, fond taling breeds unrest.

But let them be such as they were, by chance,  
our banquet doone, we had our musick by:  
And then you knowe the youth must needs goe daunce,  
first Gallardes, then Lardes, and Preidgy,  
Did lustie gallant, all floures of the broome,  
and then a hall, for dauncers must haue roome.

And to it then, with set and turne about,  
chaunge sides, and crosse, and minse it like a haiken:  
Backward and forward, take handes then, in and out,  
and now and then, a litle hollowe talke:

That

**A PEWITTES OF A YOUNG WIT.**

That none could beare, close rounded in the eare:  
well I say nought, but much good sport was there.

Then myght my Pinion beare her mate at will,  
but God forgive all such an iudge amisse:  
Some men I knowe, would soone imagin yll,  
by secret spying of some knauish kisse:  
But let them leaue such ielousie for shame,  
dauncers must kisse, the law allowes the same.

And when friends meete, some mery signe must passe,  
of welcomming vnto ech others syght:  
And for a kisse, thats not so much (alas)  
Dauncers besydes may clayme a kisse of ryght,  
After the daunce is ended, and before:  
but some will kisse vpon kisse: that goes soze.

Why it may be they daunce the kissing daunce,  
and then they must kisse oftentimes in deede,  
And then although they overshoot by chaunce,  
and kisse perhaps more often then they neede,  
Tis oversight, their skill perhappes is smal,  
young Dauncers kisses, must needes be borne withal.

Then let them kisse, and coll, and let me leaue  
to tattle so of kissing, as I doo:  
For some alas halfe angry I perceaue,  
haue lost I thinke some friendly kisse or two,  
And all by my fond prating on the same:  
for bashfaste folkes will seeldome kisse for shame.

But tis a sport to see some dauncers kisse,  
some blumly laye their Ladies on the lippes:  
Some kissing snacke, and thinke it not amisse:  
some laye their handes vpon their Ladies hippes:



To make they? arme an easy resting place,  
whyle they may smouch they? lady on the face.

Some deinty dames wil proudly turne they? cheeke,  
in skornefull wyle to eny man to kisse,  
And then God wot, young dauncer is to seek,  
and knowes no way, but turne her head to his:  
Which kisse, to them that kissing know in kinde,  
dothe make them simple, and laugh to, in they? minde.

Now Courtiers some, in dauncing vse to kisse,  
but in what sort, let them that list goe marke,  
And I say nought, but only this I wishe,  
eche gallant youth, or in the light or dark,  
With his sweet soule, comenient place to kisse.  
no more, what? why? who is displeasde with this?

Faire Ladys: no: young gallants: tush, muche lesse:  
olde Spys: yea: why? they? kissing sweet is donne,  
What though, I know they can not but confesse,  
and olde shaune Fryer wil kisse an vnshorne Nunne:  
Then for Gods sake, let young folkes, coll and kisse,  
when oldest folkes, will thinke it not amisse.

But what? I had almost my self forgot,  
to tel you on of this same gentle crue,  
Some were alas, with dauncing growne so hot,  
as some must sit, while other dauncde anew:  
And thus for soothe, our dauncing helde vs on,  
till midnight full, hygh tyme for to be gon.

But too beholde the graces of eche Dame,  
how some would daunce, as though they did but walke,  
And some would tripe, as though one legge were lame.  
and some would mynse it, like a sparrow hawke,

R. i.

And

## The workes of a young wit.

And some woulde daunce by right as any bolt,  
and some wolde leape and skippe lyk a young colt:

And some woulde fige, as though the had the Itche,  
and some woulde bow halfe crooked in the Ioyntes,  
And some woulde haue a cricke, and some a twitche,  
some shooke their armes, as they had hong by poyntes,  
With thousandes more that were to long to tell,  
but made me laugh my hart sore, I mot wel.

But let them passe, and now sy? must wee parte,  
I thank you sir for my exceeding cheere:  
Welcome (quoth the good man) with all my hart,  
in sayth the market serues but ill to peere:  
When one could not deuise more meate to dresse:  
Iesus thought I, what meanes this foolishnes.

But let that passe, then parting at the doze,  
beleene me now, it is a sport to see  
What stirre there was, who shoulde goe out before:  
suche courtesies loe, with pray you pardon me,  
You shal not chuse, in sayth you are to blame,  
good sooth though I a man woulde think the same.

Now beyng for the, with much adoe at last,  
then part they al, eche on vnto they? house,  
And who had markde the pretty looks that pass,  
from priuy friende vnto his pretty mouse,  
I coulde say with me, at twelue a clocke at night,  
it was a parting (trust me) wurch the light.

But let them part, and passe in God his name,  
God speede them well I pray, and me no worse,  
Some are gon, with dauncing almost lame,  
and some goe light, by meanes of empty purse:

And



And to be short, home byeth every one,  
and home goe I, vnto my lodge alone.

Where being come, desirous to take rest,  
to bedde I goe, where scarce asleepe, me thought;  
I was new bidden to an other feast,  
where to the boorde great delicates were brought:  
Among which rates, such store of Comfites came,  
as that my thought, I wondred at the same.

At last I wakde, and being well awak,  
I sawe sunne shine, and by my thought I sat:  
Wherewith, I heard somewhat a rattling make,  
but for my life could not imagin what:  
But at the last, I shooke the clothes agayne,  
and then streight way I did discerne it plaine.

The night before, at supper where I was,  
of sundrie sortes of Comfites, two or thre,  
Into my pocket priuily alas,  
I had conueied, and no man seeing me:  
Which Comfites made the foolish rattling so,  
as I did sturre the clothes to and fro.

Then tooke I out my Comfites by and by,  
minding in deede to lay them in a chest:  
But as odde families fall out todaynly,  
so will I tell you of a pretie jest,  
That as I lay thus musing in my bedde,  
marking my Comfites, came inco my hedde.

I choose me out ech Comfite seuerally,  
and tooke a tast by one and one, of al:  
Some one me thought, did tast too lusciously,  
some bitter sweete, and had a tang withall:

R. ii.

Some

Some smelt of Puske, and those were pretie geere,  
Some care alwayes, and they are rare this peere.

Now as I tooke of euery one a tast,  
my cuening daines, came to my morning minde:  
By one and one, from first vnto the last,  
and thinking so, my thought I could in kinde:  
Compare the comfites with the women right,  
whereof forthwith I thus began to write.

First, I gan take long comfites for to tast,  
and hauing scarcely swallowde downe the same:  
They brought (me thought) vnto my minde at last,  
a very sayre, tal, braue, and gallant dame:  
Now in the comfit was a bitter pill,  
so in the dame, might be some bitter will.

Now did I gesse the pill an Ozenge pill,  
which though at first in tast it bitter seemde:  
Yet must I not say therefore, it was ill,  
but woorthy was for to be well esteemde:  
So womens wils that bitter seeme at first,  
in time perhappes, are not yet found the worst.

The Comfites then I tasted next, were rounde,  
wherein I found small Copiander seedes,  
Whose tast, although at first I fullsome founde,  
Yet must I not dispraise them more then needes:  
For as I find, and as Physitians say,  
that they in deede, are hollesome many a way.

These Comfites then did bring vnto my minde,  
a round, plump wench, which fullsome seemde at first:  
Whom if perhaps I had well knowne in kinde,  
of all the troupe, mought not be thought the worst:

What



What doo you laugh: well, I haue seene ere now,  
a pretie pigge of an ill fauoured Sowe.

Then next to these, I Ginger Comfites tooke,  
whose tast did set my mouth all in a heate,  
These Comfites, like the long Comfites did looke,  
and as I found, were holosome for to eate:  
And though my mouth, with heate began to smart,  
I found they did great comfort to my hart.

These Comfites made me thinke vppon a dame,  
of stature tall, and yet not very hye:  
Whose lookes, mought set his mouth and hart on flame,  
who would desire to tast her thoroughly:  
And yet perhappes, when all her heat were past,  
shee might his hart well comfort at the last.

The next I tooke, were biskets Sir, to taste,  
which made me thinke vppon a pretie wenche:  
When sodainely I heard in posting hast,  
some cryde fire, fire, and other some cryde quench,  
Hard vnderneath my windowe where I lay:  
with which amazde, I layd my penne away.

Out of my bedde, on went my clothes apace,  
and furth goe I to helpe to quench the fire:  
But all was well, for why by Gods good grace,  
it ceased soone, and as I drew me nier,  
So many hands were helping at the same,  
I saw it nere quite quenched ere I came.

Which when I saw, I home returnd againe,  
and hauing left my chamber doore vnshutte,  
When I came vp, I found the footesteppes playne,  
vppon the floore, of some odde lickorious suttie:

*That had dispatche my Comites every one,  
for credite me, good sooth they left me none.*

*Which had they not been so comide awaye,  
I would haue wrote my deskant of the rest:  
But since they are so gon, sayth farewell they,  
the next, I wil looke safer in my chest:  
Till when, take these that I haue wrote vppon,  
for credite me, now all the rest are gon.*

*Finis.*

*Imprinted at London, nigh vnto the  
three Cranes in the Vintree, by Thomas  
Dawson, and Thomas Gardyner.*



